



EDITORIAL NOTES



¶ Abram Plunkett, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, the father of Mrs. O. J. Granger, has entered into the life that is life indeed. He preached for more than forty years and was a warm friend of the Foreign Society.

¶ Some time ago the Christians in Korea began to pray and to work for a million converts. Now the watchword is, "Not only a million souls for Jesus, but the whole land for Jesus." Teams are being organized to reach the whole population.

¶ The Boxer uprising tried to wipe out Christianity in China. Yet there have been more conversions in China in the ten years since that uprising than in the previous ninety years of Christian effort in China. The spirit of union is strong in all parts of the empire.

¶ In the United States there is one Christian worker to every forty-eight people; in Japan there is one missionary to every fifty thousand people. Is this a square deal? Is God honored and pleased with such a distribution of men and money?

¶ The Edinburgh Conference said that a church that is not enlarging its efforts for the conquest of the world, and pushing out its forces in increasing numbers, and multiplying its contributions for their support, is either a dead or a dying church.

¶ The Inspector-General of Public Instruction in Turkey says that there will be 65,000 elementary public schools in operation throughout the Turkish Empire before the close of this year, and that these schools will be increased as rapidly as teachers can be found for them.

¶ Here is another echo from Edinburgh: "Let it always be understood that a deficit is not a crime, that it does not always indicate poor business management, and that in fact it may show the far-seeing and sober Christian devo-

tion and wise statesmanship of those who bore the responsibility at the time."

¶ China's determination to destroy the opium traffic, root and branch, is one of the most hopeful signs of our time. China has made more progress in abolishing this evil in three years than our Christian nation has made in abolishing the liquor traffic in half a century. Both evils are doomed to destruction; for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it.

¶ An English parish sent two of its clergy to the mission field and supported them. There was no lack of men for the work at home. The man in charge found it difficult to find service for the men who came forward to help. The collections were much larger than before; the parish found that its course paid in spiritual power and interest.

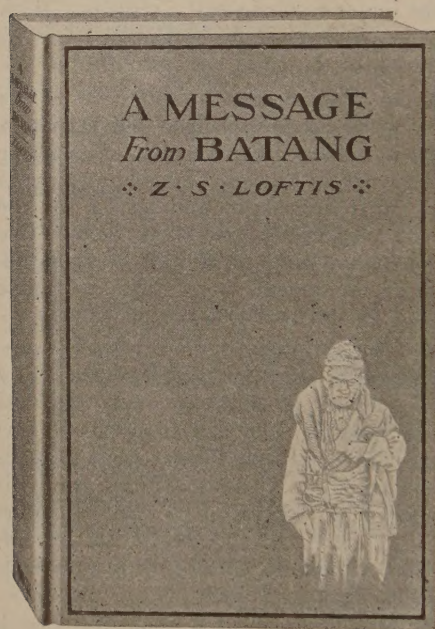
¶ Several institutions of learning support their own missionaries, and a few support entire stations. Yale supports the Yale Mission in Changsha, China; the University of Pennsylvania a medical school in Canton, China; the University of Michigan, "The Michigan Work in Arabia;" Oberlin has its station in Shansi, China; Princeton conducts work in Peking.

¶ Mrs. A. L. Shelton is writing a book entitled "Sunshine and Shadow on the Tibetan Border." This book will give the friends of the work such information as "Bolenge" gave about the work on the Congo. The people are hungry for the facts; this book will give the facts, and in a most attractive way. In this case the truth will be stranger and more fascinating than fiction.

¶ An Englishman published and circulated a leaflet in China in which he publicly derided and insulted the Christian religion. For this offense he was brought before the Supreme Court in Shanghai by the Advocate of the Crown. The judge spoke of the article published as being extremely silly, and bound the

Englishman not to repeat any act of the kind in the sum of \$500, for a period of two years.

¶ The University of Nanking has a Faculty of thirty-eight Chinese and foreign teachers, well-equipped laboratories for chemistry, physics, biology, geology, etc., in a large three-story Science Hall. A vigorous Y. M. C. A. is at work among the students. Five English literary societies hold meetings every Friday evening, in which the students seek to gain a knowledge of parliamentary law and fluency in public speaking.



This work is just from the press. It can be ordered from Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, or from the Foreign Society. It costs 75 cents. See "Book Notice" on page 416.

¶ In the United States there is one ordained minister for every five hundred and forty-six persons, and in the non-Christian world there is one ordained minister for every one hundred and eighty-three thousand. In China there is one ordained missionary for every two hundred and sixty-seven thousand persons. In the non-Christian lands there is one medical missionary to every two million, five hundred thousand. In the United States to the same number of

people there are four thousand physicians.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Erskine, of Japan, have recently visited the church in Lima, Ohio. G. W. Watson, the minister, writes that he never had a returned missionary who interested the people as Mr. and Mrs. Erskine did. The people of Lima were greatly pleased with the missionaries and their message. Missionaries at home on furlough are always glad to visit churches. It would seem that churches wishing them should be willing to pay their traveling expenses and provide entertainment.

¶ The *Church Missionary Review* quotes a saying of Principal Bebbs that "the church is not a museum of saints, but a machine for making them." And adds: "That is to be our remembrance constantly. Our church is failing in her realization of her mission if she is merely doing well in her own parishes, and, content with adorning and developing her churches and preaching the gospel there, is not deliberately going out to make saints in all the world. All who have eternal life, not only in their hearts, but also in their hands, are bound in honor to pass it on."

¶ An eminent Indian has said: "The process of the conversion of India to Christ is not going on as rapidly as you hope or in exactly the manner that you hope. But, nevertheless, I say India is being converted; the ideas that lie at the heart of the gospel are slowly but surely permeating every part of Hindu society and modifying every phase of human thought. And this process must go as long as those who preach the gospel seek above all things to commend it, not so much by what they say as by what they do and the way they live."

¶ Dr. D. K. Pearson has given away \$6,000,000 and intends to die penniless. He has helped to endow forty-seven colleges. He is now ninety-one years of age and proposes to spend the remainder of his life in one of the sanitariums he himself has founded. He says: "I have had more fun than any other rich man alive. They are welcome to their automobiles and steam yachts. I have dis-

covered that giving is the most exquisite delight in the world." He has discovered the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

¶ On the way to Batang, Dr. Loftis passed a lonely grave at Samba. The remains of William Souther, a missionary to the Tibetans, are in that grave. This grave stands as a landmark in a heathen land, as a mute testimonial to the statement that "greater love hath no man than this." "May thy bones rest in peace, O servant of God, and may this lonely grave inspire those who follow thee to fight harder and with clenched teeth enter the conflict, to remain to the end. O, my Master, if it is thy will that I fill a lonely grave in this land, may it be one that will be a landmark, and an inspiration to others, and may I go to do it willingly, if it is thy will."

¶ A great German scholar thinks the most characteristic word in any language is the word which is untranslatable into others, and he went on to say that the word in our language which he would fix upon is the word "comfort." Dr. Fairbairn points out that there is danger in that. It means that there is a certain sense of material ease and self-indulgence in a nation whose atmosphere creates a word of that kind which no other nation exactly reproduces. He urges upon us the realization of the fact that "Ye can not serve God and comfort." The demand now is for self-sacrifice; the message of the cross of Christ is to take the place of the dangerous cult of comfort.

¶ The latest statistics from Japan are as follows: Organized churches, 546; communicants, 60,835; Sunday school scholars, 80,568; missionaries, men 319, women 612; Japanese ministers and helpers, 1,164; Japanese Bible-women, 401; boarding schools, 65; pupils, 8,995; day schools and kindergartens, 84; pupils, 6,777; volumes published last year by mission presses, 920,088; orphanages, 15; orphans cared for, 761; raised for all purposes, \$134,671.50. In view of the fact that the Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples number 218,517, and the

priests and preachers 216,712, it would seem that Japan is not overstocked with missionaries. There is one Christian in Japan to about every 700 people, and one Christian worker to about every 36,000 people.

¶ A missionary thus describes the eagerness of the people of the Congo to receive the gospel story: "It would take one missionary's whole time to handle the delegations who are coming in from the villages on the plains, and far out in the jungles, urging that teachers be sent speedily to tell the people that are in the darkness, of the Savior's love and the Way of Life. One day as we waited at Luebo some men came who had walked about 175 miles. They told the missionaries that they had come from a dark village far away; that all their people were in darkness. They had heard that if they would build a church in their village that a teacher would come to teach them the way of salvation. They built a church, and they had waited and waited. The church had rotted down; no teacher had come."

¶ In the year 1910 there were 368 student volunteers sent to the field; since the organization of the Student Volunteer Movement, 4,784. The movement employs a Candidate Secretary. It is his duty to keep in touch with the societies and find such workers as they may need. The movement fosters Mission Study in the universities and colleges. In the academic year 1909-10 there were organized in 596 institutions 2,379 mission study classes, having an enrollment of 29,322. In that same year the students and teachers gave \$133,761.59 for Home and Foreign Missions. The conventions held under the auspices of the movement reach many thousands of students. In these conventions the claims of Christ are brought to the attention of young men and women with peculiar power. Many students are led to take up Bible study with new earnestness and to pray as they never prayed before.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. James M. Tisdale, of Covington, Ky., give \$1,200 for the erection of a chapel at Chu Chow, China. This is to be for the native Chi-

nese Church. They give this in memory of his brother, Walter Scott Tisdale. This is the second gift Mr. and Mrs. Tisdale have made this year. They gave \$5,000 for the erection of the Tisdale Hospital at Chu Chow. This has been built in memory of his two sisters, Miss Aria C. and Miss Annie G. Tisdale. O. G. Hertzog, who is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Osgood, at Chu Chow, has superintended the construction of the hospital and will likewise

construct the chapel. Dr. Elliott Osgood is the medical missionary in charge of the hospital. He is the only physician among 2,000,000 people. The hospital and chapel will be the evangelistic center for that great district. These generous gifts have brought much joy to the missionaries, and no one can measure the good that these institutions will accomplish. Mr. and Mrs. Tisdale are very happy in this investment in the cause of China.

THE NEW YEAR.


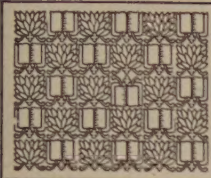
The record of the missionary year closing September 30th has been made. It was a year of great encouragement. The words of cheer and helpfulness are appreciated and treasured. A mighty host of friends did all in their power.

The Lord has been with his faithful servants in the mission fields. Their homes have been blessed. Life and health has been preserved. Hundreds have been won to the gospel from darkest heathenism. The schools, and hospitals, and churches, and Sunday schools have grown in numbers and in power. All the work is now larger and more firmly established. It grows with increasing momentum.

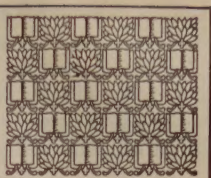
We now turn our faces to the new year, which begins October 1st. Our plans provide for larger things. God expects this of us. We must not turn back, nor must we halt. We must move forward like a mighty army. There is nothing else we can do and remain faithful to Him whom we serve.

We ask the friends to begin now to look forward with great expectancy for all the new year. We have some plans to announce soon that we believe will cheer all hearts and help to awaken renewed and widespread interest.





EDITORIAL



The Time Is Short.

The missionary year closes the last day of September. That time is now at hand. All offerings designed for the current year should be in the treasury in Cincinnati by noon of that day. It is self-evident that at this late date there is no room for delay. What is done this year must be done soon, if at all.

Those who are conversant with such matters know that remittances are often delayed as long as possible. Offerings remain in the treasury of the churches and Sunday schools for months after they are taken. As a result there is always a rush the last month, and particularly the last few days of the last month. Treasurers frequently forward money by wire, so as to be in time. In some cases the money is not received till the day after the books close. This makes explanations necessary; these are unsatisfactory to all concerned. It would be a great convenience to the committee if all offerings were forwarded as soon as taken. Those that have been taken this

year and that have not been forwarded should be forwarded at once.

Though the time is short, it is ample, if prompt action is taken. This issue of *THE INTELLIGENCER* is sent out earlier than usual, with the view to stir up the minds of treasurers who have failed to do their duty. To all such it would emphasize the fact that this is the time to act. If the offerings are forwarded as soon as *THE INTELLIGENCER* is received, they will be in Cincinnati in time to be included in the receipts of the year.

We began the present year with the intention of raising \$500,000. If every dollar of this amount were raised, it would not be sufficient for the most pressing needs of the Society. This amount can be raised before the year closes if all who are interested in the work will do what they are well able to do. If this is done it will give a mighty impetus to every department of the work, both at home and abroad. God help us to do our full duty in the few days of the year that yet remain.

"Workers Imperative."

A cablegram has been received from Africa saying that Monieka has been granted, and stating that workers are imperative. This is the fourth station granted, the other three being Bolenge, Longa, and Lotumbe. The government has granted us stations as fast as we were prepared to occupy them, and faster. These stations were granted in the confidence that a medical missionary would be sent to each. The State offi-

cials and the African people need medical treatment from time to time. A medical missionary is an asset to the State as well as to the mission.

At the present time there is only one family at Longa and one at Lotumbe. There is no medical missionary at any station. Dr. Widdowson and Dr. Jaggard and Dr. Dye are in America. The Society has been searching for medical men for three years. There is no scarcity of medical men, but there is an ap-

palling dearth of medical men who are ready to spend and to be spent in Christ's service in Africa. Physicians who want all the patients they can treat every day in the year would do well to volunteer for this great and needy field.

The money for the traveling expenses and for the salary is ready for any suitable candidate.

The Society will be pleased to hear from competent physicians who are eager for service in Africa.

Withholding Contributions.

Now and then, when the Executive Committee takes some action that all do not understand and approve, some good people write to say that they propose to withhold their contributions. If these people were conversant with all the facts, the chances are that they would cordially approve the action taken. It would be well if those who withhold their contributions would remember that the missionaries on the fields are the ones that will suffer from their course. There are a thousand men and women and children in the regions beyond who depend upon the Society for food and clothing and shelter and equipment. If the revenues are reduced or cut off, these are the ones that will suffer. The Executive Committee will not suffer. The majority of the members of the Executive Committee receive no compensation for their services; they get their living from their profession or from their business. They have been called

to serve the brotherhood, and they are doing so unselfishly and to the best of their ability. They give their time and thought and money to the work with no thought of any earthly reward. They would be better off than they are if they were displaced. If Christian people would bear in mind that they are causing the innocent to suffer when they withhold their gifts, they would be very slow to do so. Even if some mistakes were made by the managers, that is no sufficient reason for withholding contributions. If the men that withhold were in their places, the chances are that they would make some mistakes. The Lord uses fallible men to carry on his work, and he overrules their mistakes, to the furtherance of the gospel. It is his work, and not the work of the committee in charge for the time being. In view of this fact it would seem that his people should hesitate to withhold the funds required for its support and enlargement.



One of our numerous Sunday Schools in Tokyo, Japan.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

The Crisis of Mission Enterprise in China.

DR. W. E. MACKLIN.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." There is such a tide now.



DR. W. E. MACKLIN.

Everything is in a state of flux, and if the church had the faith and the zeal we could control all the forces that make for good. If properly backed, through literature prepared largely by missionaries, we could direct the forces of reform and even of revolution, that out

of the chaos now existing a government based on Christian civilization could be evolved.

If fully supported and trusted, we could, with the help of the Almighty, so dominate education that it could be patterned after our Christian education. Then, instead of colleges sending forth agnostics throughout the length and breadth of the land, Christian teachers could go everywhere, showing the fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom.

If our hands are held up, medical missionaries can open colleges to train physicians and surgeons to go about doing good as did the Master. This will be a revolution in itself. The heathen spend perhaps double a tithe of their incomes in serving their gods. We can only serve our God by acts of kindness to our fellow-men.

This seems a small statement, but is a complete turning of the world upside down. It will turn, perhaps, a billion dollars a year from the purchase of incense, candles, chants, litanies, etc., for sacrifice to devils into humane channels. We do not pray for money to relieve all

the sick and suffering Chinese. What we desire is the means to make a first-class object lesson of Christian philanthropy to enlighten men's minds and make them see how Christians do the good Samaritan, and by "doing it unto these my brethren, they really serve the Lord." My prayer is for the means to do a perfect work in this line. We need a first-class surgeon and a thoroughly trained nurse who has managed a surgical operating room in a large hospital for years. We have done a successful pioneer work; now we desire the brotherhood to enter into the spirit of this revolution and enable us to do an up-to-date, scientific work for the benefit of the poor and needy, and in a few years the Chinese will vie with us in altruistic effort. Even the feeble work we have done has met a response. One Chinaman has given three acres of land to help our relief of the sick poor. Another has given a hospital. For fifteen years vice-roys every year have given from \$200 to \$500. In many places in China rich Chinese are emulating the Christian church in building hospitals. Come to our help, brethren, and see things doing!

The best work is done by a union of God's people. The Bible translation was done by union effort. The best Christian literature of all kinds has been done by union, as in tract societies and Christian literature societies. The destruction of the opium business was by a union effort. Foot-binding is being destroyed by union. This teaching must be union. Denominational schools are mere side shows. Let us have faith in the integrity of purpose of our denominational friends and work freely with them wherever we can, and by and by we will see eye to eye, and the real union will come.

Competent Witnesses.*

SIR ANDREW FRASER.

There is a text in the Psalms that I should bring into the very forefront of this subject, that I should quote as indicating the first qualifications of a good witness in regard to missionary work. You will find the text, I think, in the 111th Psalm. The words are these, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein." Now, I am perfectly certain that there is not one of you that does not know what I mean. We look around upon nature, and if we do not say that the works of the Lord are great, it is no very great proof of our intelligence. But the man who sees best the greatness of the work is the man who takes pleasure in it. If I want to know something about the greatness of God in the making of the beautiful flowers that adorn the earth, I go to the botanist or the trained gardener. If I want to know about any branch of knowledge in regard to the work of the Lord, I go to the man who takes an interest in that particular branch. What right or authority has any man to speak upon Christian missions who takes no interest in Christianity? It is not fair to come as a witness in those matters in which he takes no interest at all.

Now, then, the first thing is for you to ascertain what opportunities the witness who comes to speak about mission work has had of judging mission work at all. When a man comes from India and says to you that there is nothing, after all, to be very proud of in missionary work; that, on the whole, it is rather a failure, and discourages you, perhaps, from giving to it liberally, and advises you to find some better means for using the wealth that God has given you, such as it is; when a man comes and gives evidence of that kind, surely the first question that you have to ask is, "What opportunities have you had for judging the work?" Perhaps he will say, "I have been six, or twelve, or even twenty years in India." I do not think it is necessary for me to say to any in-

telligent Christian present in this room that to be six, or twelve, or even twenty years in London does not, of itself, give one the very least right to speak of the work that is being carried on here in the name of the Lord. If that is true in London, as everybody knows it is, how very much more must it be true in a country where the Eastern and Western races are separate, where they occupy wholly different parts of the same town or station, and where intimacy between them is almost unknown under the influence of religion?

When your witnesses are before you, telling you that there is nothing in mission work, just ask them such questions as these: How many missionaries have you among the circle of your acquaintance? How many of the missionaries who belong to your station are your intimate acquaintances, or even your friends? With how many of them have you discussed their work? What Christian educational institutions have you seen? Have you ever heard a professor lecturing to his students on the Scriptures? Have you ever seen a teacher teaching in the school out of the Bible? What have you seen in regard to Christian work in the villages or elsewhere where the gospel is preached? Do you know the native congregation? Do you know any native pastors? Do you know any native office-bearer in any native church? Have you ever been to a native service? Have you ever heard a native pastor preach? Do you number native Christians among your friends? Did you ever ask any man whether he was a Christian or not? Get answers to these questions, and then you will know precisely what value to attach to the evidence of the witness.

I say this is a matter of the very gravest importance. It is of the utmost importance. I am not talking only of missionary work, but of all kinds of things in respect of which men come from India, or other foreign countries, to give their evidence. It is of the very utmost importance to go to the bottom

* From an address in London.

of their authority and to understand thoroughly what opportunities they have had of judging.

Now, I should like in a word to speak in commendation of my own qualifications as a witness. I think it is essential to do so, because you are entitled to know what opportunities I have had of forming an opinion on mission work. I have been for thirty-seven years a servant of the Crown in India. From a very early period in my service it has been my habit to be on terms of great intimacy with the people of the country, both in the towns and in the interior. I have been in the habit of visiting all educational institutions, and certainly not least, missionary educational institutions. It has been my duty, as an officer of the government, to know how they have been conducted. I have also known personally and intimately a number of native Christian gentlemen, and I can speak in the highest terms of some of my friends in the native church. I have served in two provinces, and I have known as many missionaries as possible in both. I have been twice, in commissions under government, over the whole of India, and visited every province of India and many native States; and in

every place I visited I have become acquainted with the missionaries and taken some opportunity of seeing their work. I claim, for a layman, an exceptional right to speak in regard to missions, and I throw myself with all my weight and with all enthusiasm into the third class of witnesses whom I have named; that is, those who can speak with thankfulness to God of what they have seen in the past, and with hopefulness in regard to the future, a future not only in heaven, but also on earth, when India will belong one day to our Lord Jesus Christ.

I was not sent out by you to prospect on your behalf in this field; but I come back like a man who had been sent out to see whether there was anything in the work or not; and I come to tell you who are concerned in this, who are putting your money into it, your prayers into it, and your sympathy and interest into it—I come to tell you that it is good work, it is work from God, it is work in which the laborers realize that they are fellow-workers with God. It is work which God has blessed, it is work which God has promised to bless. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein."

Some Missionary Experiences in Japan.*

MRS. MAUDE W. MADDEN.

I bring a message from Japan, Land of the Rising Sun. *Little Japan*, that within a decade conquered both China and Russia, two of the *biggest* nations in the world, and annexed Formosa and Korea! Does n't that thrill you?

Japan sends her *best* men and women all over the world to learn the best things in every land. Methods of agriculture, mining, mechanics, army, navy, education, art, law, science, government, industry of every sort; these *best* methods are brought back and taught the home folks for the upbuilding and preservation of their own land. Is she not wise? Is she not great? Only in one thing has she failed. Her experts have not seen fit to take Christ back with

them. So they are satisfied with their own religion. Only one thing does she lack. The Christ, the Savior who gave his life for Japan also.

We hear of Pentecostal times in Africa, heroic self-sacrifice in China, open doors in Tibet, wonderful consecration in Korea, great progress in India, freedom from the friars in the Philippines, and we are glad. The whole world is awake everywhere! But what do you hear from Japan? Simply, "The work is hard, and the growth is slow in the church in Japan." Why? Because the Japanese are the Americans of the Orient. Leading Japanese are *peers* of leading Americans in intellect, patience, endurance, skill, and progress; our *superiors* in discrimination and economy. The Japanese know how to not wish for

*An address.

non-essentials. One illustration will suffice. Japanese ladies never wear *hats*. Why should they—or any other women? “Her hair was given her for a covering.” In summer the Japanese lady carries a parasol, in winter she wears a scarf. Why waste time and money and soul on so useless and unbecoming a thing as a hat? O, of course, the poor peasant woman toiling in the muddy rice fields from daylight till dark must needs wear a broad straw hat for protection against sun and rain. The princess in the palace, *aping* her foreign sisters, thinks she must needs wear a hat; but the millions of others are free from milliners.

“The beauty of Japanese art is its utility.” “By simple living the Japanese enjoy life.” The Japanese are our *inferiors* in morals and religion only; therefore they are *our equals* in *egotism*.

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.” When the Republican meets the Democrat, politically, comes another tug; and when the Christian missionary meets the self-satisfied Japanese, then comes the most tremendous tug of all. Hence in Japan our results are “quality” rather than “quantity,” though we have a deal of both.

Fifteen years ago last summer we left Topeka for Japan. The first year and a half was spent in Tokyo, studying the language, the people, methods of mission work, and for recreation tutoring university students in English. (Some of these men are now in diplomatic service.)

Then we went to the Sendai District, nearly three hundred miles northeast of Tokyo. This district is more populous than Kansas. Here was just one Japanese evangelist. He was an uncultured, zealous country man, living in a very Nazareth of a village. So great has been his growth in grace that now he is known throughout the empire as “John Baptist” Kawamura.

The first year in the north we lived near the base of a volcano. At every thundering explosion we ran out to see if the mountain yet remained. It remains until this day. In later years this typified the Japanese church, to us.

There have been many explosions, but the church, with the Living Christ and the fire of the Holy Spirit within, ever remained—and ever shall remain.

In one city, Fukushima, a crowd gathered around us to see our first baby. Many of them had never seen a white child before. From that crowd grew a Sunday school, a church, and four Sunday schools more, six preachers, and two mission points besides.

At one of these mission points, Kori, one of our preachers, Totebe, tried several weeks, against strong Buddhist opposition, to rent a place for meetings. Finally he secured a hovel. Later he was called away, and the Buddhists boasted they had “run Christianity out of town,” but Kawamura and his daughter came to the rescue, and now we have a Thursday Bible school of nearly a hundred in that same little hovel. Must our work always begin and continue in a hovel, such as you men of this convention would not think fit for your horse or your automobile?

At Haranomachi a silk weaver became a Christian. Immediately in his factory Christian hymns were substituted for the half-decent chants the weaving girls used, with which to time their shuttles. This town gave us two of the best Bible women we have ever had.

A farmer, who was also constable, became a preacher, used a room in his house for a chapel, gathered the village children into a Sunday school, and taught them, and now has a Bible school and preaching place in a nearby town besides, was opposed for years in all his Christian work by his heathen wife. So bitter was her opposition that when I was requested to visit her and appeal to her, though I remained a night and a day in her home, she had nothing to say to me. Three years ago she became a Christian. Her first reading lessons were in the Bible. Her daughter is preparing for a Bible woman, and sometimes she writes me interesting letters of her changed life.

In Sanuma the only place available for a Bible school was a room behind a tailor's shop. The school was so large the boys came mornings; the girls, after-

noons. With a chapel in this town we could have had hundreds of boys and girls instead of the average one hundred and sixty. This place has two young men and two young women preparing for the ministry.

All of you who read THE MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER know of O-uchi, the man who built a chapel himself and taught the people, young and old, of his village as best he could; and how he painted picture scrolls for sale, to help erect other chapels. He also gave us the example of a beautiful, godly old age and a peaceful Christian death.

In Sendai, a city of one hundred thousand, we rented a store-room on a main street. Mr. Madden and Kawamura, neither of whom can sing, attracted a crowd night after night for several weeks by singing hymns and preaching to the indifferent crowd which came and went. Finally one jinrikisha man, one of the poorest of the poor, scarcely believing "whosoever" meant such as he, was baptized. Recently the landlord said to me: "I never saw such a change

in any one as there is in Kobi-yama. Now he is a man. Before you came he was like a beast, a burden-bearer. I do n't understand it." "Be a Christian, and you will understand it. That is what Christ does for men," I replied; but "he was rich, and turned away." Kobi-yama became the trusted messenger of the business manager of a great mission in Sendai.

We went out into the streets to call the children in to begin our first Bible school in Sendai. We called at every door in our neighborhood to ask the women to receive us as friends and to listen to Christian teaching. (O, the humility of it to an American!) And, O, these Japanese women! I wish you could know them. They are so gentle, so sweet, so dear, and—so deceitful, *before they are redeemed*. Some who at first refused to see us, some who ridiculed, and some who welcomed and wondered at our message, are now earnest Christians. Some have sons and daughters preparing for Christian work. Now in this city alone over two hun-



A Buddhist temple which became a Christian school in Karuizawa, Japan.

dred have been baptized; there are three Bible schools. A year ago we held a public meeting for women only, in our chapel. It was the first of its kind in the city. The church was crowded. The daily papers made kindly mention of it, and later we were asked for a series of articles helpful to Japanese women, by the editor of the best daily.

Times are changed. We no longer have to go from house to house begging them to listen. The field is white unto the harvest. What might we not accomplish with proper equipment, with more workers, *chapels* (not churches), and organs, even twenty-five-dollar ones. We ask for so little and need so much.

Last summer, the very day I entered my old home, where seven years before my precious mother stood in the door to welcome me and the grandchildren she then saw for the first time; that day, as I entered the door through which she had been carried out the previous week, to be laid to rest in the Topeka cemetery, on a hill in North Sendai, in the shadow of a Shinto temple a band of eighteen Japanese women met and prayed for me. The Lord sustained me, as he has through all the years, and in the evening I marveled at the peace in my heart. Those women did not know the day I would reach home, and I learned of their meeting a month later. But the Lord knew all the time. And every month from some of them a letter comes, saying, "We are praying for you." *Women* here to-day, those women and others besides them would be praying, if they prayed at all, to idols of wood and stone if I had not gone to Japan, if you had not sent me. Now they are praying to your Savior and mine, for you and for me. *Do you pray for them?* They need your prayers; theirs are trials and temptations of which you have never dreamed.

Two years ago it was my privilege to visit Akita, made holy because of our pioneers. Here I found a band of women who met for prayer the fifteenth night of every month. They told me they had not failed in this meeting since Mrs. Garst began it with them, some twenty-five years ago. They spoke of

Mrs. Garst with tears, and of Mrs. Josephine Smith with reverence.

These Christian Japanese women live heroic lives. They are building quietly, as the coral polyp builds, a strong foundation of Christian womanhood in an ocean of heathenism and superstition. By and by the restless waves shall be crowded back, and palms of peace, whose roots are nourished by Living Water, shall wave over Japan, a Christian nation. But it is the slow work of the coral in Japan.

The possibilities of the Sendai District were discovered by Brother Garst; Evangelist Kawamura was discovered by Brother Smith. The Lord has used Mr. Madden to develop the district and the men this far, and in his absence Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and Miss Rose Johnson—living in the home erected by the generosity of good Mrs. E. E. Thomson, of West Plains, Mo.—are heroically meeting the problems, extending the work, and gathering in the sheaves. There are over six hundred church members in the district. And what has been done in the Sendai District is more than duplicated in each of the Akita, Osaka, Tokyo, and Takinogawa Districts of your mission in Japan.

Is it easy to be a missionary? Do you think a great crowd of heathen are standing on the shore eagerly waiting for the missionary? *Not in Japan.* Every Christian in Japan is won through tears and toil and patience and prayer and a great love.

Is it easy to leave home for life, or to return after years and find no father, no mother in the old home?

Is it easy to leave your own young children here and go again to serve another people half the world away?

Is it easy to give all your strength of mind, heart, love, and life to an alien race?

Is it easy to have your motive in life misunderstood by well-meaning but unconsecrated friends?

Is it easy to be considered a fool by friends at home, and by the heathen to whom you go? ("We are fools for Christ's sake.")

Is it easy to see American women spend for foolish gewgaws money that

would build chapels, buy organs, support orphans, employ preachers, and save the poor in the terrible times of fire and flood and famine so frequent in Oriental lands?

Is it easy to see the multitude of American women worshipping the little god Self? O, women, for your own souls' sakes do nobler things!

Is it easy to be an example of American womanhood, Christian wife and motherhood—of a minister's wife—to women who perhaps have you as their only example of such?

Is it easy, when your own little children are clinging to your skirts, to teach English, and Bible, and hymns, and sewing, and cooking, and child culture, and what not, to women as bright, as capable, as cultured, as loving as those in your own land, but who are the product of nearly *three thousand years* of civilization, customs, education, religion, and *language* as different as yours as night is from day?

No; none of these things are easy. But are we born into this world for ease? "Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil." "Go,

teach; I am with you;" and for Him such service is indeed blessed.

To-day in Japan are bright, little, black-eyed, yellow-faced babies in gay kimonos, children of parents who came to Christ through our Sunday schools. These are waiting for the toy "Granny" Madden will bring them from that fairyland America. As each of my own five babies came to me and was cuddled in my arms it seemed the very joy of motherhood was overwhelming. And yet, as these new Christian Japanese mothers teach their babies (who will never experience the awful hopelessness of heathenism) to call me "Granny," there is a joy deeper than that of physical motherhood. Shall we call it the joy of spiritual motherhood?

How glorious to have been a pioneer missionary! To witness the birth of Christianity in a heathen land! But how much more blessed *now* to be of those who take the young nation at its turning point and stamp it with the character of Christ as it takes its place in the world's family of nations!

Young man, young woman, to-day spells opportunity in Japan. To-morrow will be too late.

The Divine Optimism.

BY R. W. ABERLY.

A commercial traveler on taking up a Bible found on the mantel in his hotel, opened it to the Book of Jeremiah, and having read a chapter from the pages of the "weeping prophet," wrote straightway on the margin the words, "Cheer up, Jeremiah, God is n't dead!" And what a contrast there is between the wailings of the old prophet and the triumphant note of the gospel of Christ that looks forward to the world conquest of God's Messiah. A professed student of Scripture once said that he had formed a calculation based upon the Scriptures and had come to the conclusion that only one per cent of humanity would ultimately be saved. I would not doubt this man's grace, but I certainly would doubt his ability to interpret the Word of God. There is a vein of victory running all through

the Old and New Testaments. God promised the Patriarch Abraham that in his seed "all the families of the earth should be blessed," referring to Christ's coming. David sang of the Messiah, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Isaiah saw with prophetic vision "the Prince of Peace" who would sit on the throne of David forever, and Daniel beheld the Kingdom of God set up and filling the earth and standing forever, and Zechariah foretold the coming of the Messiah, "whose dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." There is no note of failure here, but a shout of victory for Israel through her coming King in spite of all her sorrows. God had not cast her off forever, but

all his richest and greatest promises should yet be verified in her spiritual glory. Again this "vein of victory" runs all through the parables of our Lord recorded in the New Testament.

The Lost Coin was found, the Lost Sheep was brought safely back to the fold, the Prodigal Son, after straying in the far country, got back home again; the Wedding Supper, though some invited guests refused the King's invitation and maltreated his servants, was ultimately "furnished with guests;" the Leaven in the meal leavened the whole lump; the Mustard Seed became a great tree; the Good Seed brought forth a hundred-fold. There is no croak of pessimism here, but a Divine Optimism that predicts the universal reign of truth and love as the "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." There is a suggestion of this triumph of God's kingdom of the Spirit in his kingdom of Nature. The vast majority of the corn that is planted matures, the majority of the seed sown produces a harvest, the majority of the trees in the

forest grow, the majority of the flowers in the spring-time bloom, even though "born to blush unseen." This being true in nature, who dare say it will not be equally true in grace, and that at least the majority of all humanity will ultimately be saved. Christ's coming is not a failure; Calvary spells not defeat, but victory; the gates of death shall not prevail against the church. As Max Mueller said, "Christianity is the only religion that goes through the world wearing the Star of Hope upon its brow." When Christ conquers the darkness of heathenism, as he surely will, new light and joy and salvation shall cover the earth; for

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."

And the herald of this new day is the Christian missionary, who goes forth with a sublime optimism, born of faith in God's never-failing promises, carrying the truth of God to the ends of the earth.

Cincinnati.

Dr. John G. Paton.

N. A.

The book entitled "Later Years and Farewell" gives some interesting facts about Dr. Paton. He was a man of one idea; he was possessed and controlled by that idea. His mission and the missionary cause in general were his meat and drink. It was a positive hardship for him to take time for his meals or to lie down and sleep. He grudged the time that the sustenance of his body required; he regarded time as a miser regards his gold. He said, "My time is short in which to work for Jesus, and the heathen are perishing." He was up at daylight poring over his letters and translations till the bell called him to breakfast. He felt that the time for work would soon be past; on this account he must let no opportunity slip. When his hosts wished to take him for an airing or to see some world-renowned sight, he would beg to be excused. "I have the mission interests to attend to, and my letters to answer, and

if you will let me go quietly to my room I shall be so grateful." Happening to be in Chicago at the time when the World's Fair was opened, he did not see the procession, though it passed almost under his windows. He explained to his friends, "I could not spend time looking at processions; I had the Mission to think about."

As he advanced in years his passion for work increased rather than declined. To those who would have him spare himself he said: "You tell me I am working too hard, but my time to work for Jesus can not be long now. I only wish I could press three times the quantity of work for him into each day, resting on his promise for the needed help, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'" When he was advised to cancel his engagements on account of illness, he said: "No, I cancel nothing. I'll work on, trusting in him who has promised, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be,' and

he has never failed me yet." On another occasion he said, "I must just work until I drop." And on still another occasion he said: "I can assure you that even at the weakest I find happiness in working, in the hope of bringing some to accept Jesus and his salvation. Happy, indeed, could I never be resting anywhere. I have always prayed that I might not be a retired missionary, but might be permitted of God to work till the very end." In one period of illness he said, "Here am I lying, unable to work, and there is so much to be done."

It was necessary for Dr. Paton to spend considerable time soliciting funds for the Mission. He was a tireless and most effective solicitor. His autobiography had been read everywhere and prepared the churches for his message. Tens of thousands of those who had read of his work were eager to see and to hear him. Some were warned not to take any more money with them to the service than they were prepared to give; for if they did they would be sure to give it all. But all the time he was being lionized in Great Britain and Ireland and America and Canada, his heart was back among his own people. Campaigning for money was weary work. He said, "I would I were back among my Aniwas in the quiet of the little islands, teaching them of Jesus." When he was urged to rest a little, he would say: "No, I will never be a loafer. If there are no meetings to be addressed, I will return to my work in Australia and the Islands. If I can not work here, I must go home to Victoria and off to the Islands, where I can live and die among my dear Aniwas." On being refused permission to go to the New Hebrides by the committee and the medical men, he said: "I am exceedingly grieved at this, but I fear I must submit. They say I am too old and too frail to be allowed to go alone, and yet the evidence of my strength is that I can still address a meeting daily and three on every Sabbath, but I shall still keep agitating until they let me go." A few days before the end came he said to the attending

physician, "Doctor, do you think I will be well enough to go to the New Hebrides in January?" He had one wish that he prayed might be realized; it was that he might die and be buried in Aniwa among his own dear people.

While traveling, Dr. Paton sought to keep his expenses as low as possible. In places where he was unknown and had no one to consult, a meal consisted of a small loaf and a cup of tea, or a bun and a glass of milk. He felt no evil effect from eating sparingly, and something was saved for the work. He would often walk for miles to an appointment and carry a heavy bag of curios; he did this to save the expense of hiring a vehicle. Rather than spend any of the money given him for the mission, he slept under a sheltering bush on one occasion. He placed his gold watch chain on the collection plate. He said a piece of black braid will do as well. "Why should I carry a gold chain while the mission requires money?" In England he insisted on traveling third class. He said, "I am a missionary from the South Seas, and missionaries always travel third class."

It was a delight to Dr. Paton when new missionaries came to his assistance. Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks as he welcomed them. He praised God when a second son and his highly accomplished young wife took their places among the little band that was seeking to win the New Hebrides for Christ. Dr. Paton had one want, and only one; that was an absorbing hunger for the salvation of the natives of the New Hebrides. The dream of his life was that he might live to see one missionary at least planted on every island of the group. He lived to see that dream become a reality; he lived to see seventeen thousand converts on the Islands and three hundred and thirty of these serving as evangelists and teachers.

When his work was finished and he was waiting for the summons he said, "With me there is not a shadow or a cloud; all is perfect peace and joy in believing."

Missionary Inspiration.

BRUCE L. KERSHNER.

The emotions have a large part in the missionary's life, as they do in the life of every one; but there is something stronger than emotion: it is inspiration.



B. L. KERSHNER.

The inspiration of which I speak is the being filled with the missionary spirit. This, of course, varies with circumstances and individuals. Sometimes it runs low or fails, and the personal interest declines or dies; more generally it grows under the constantly increasing stimulus of his peculiar surroundings, and sometimes literally eats him up. There are missionaries on the field whose meat and drink is to do their Master's will. It is not surprising to one in close touch with the field that its charm is overpowering: the real surprise is that ambitious young men seeking a life-work consistent with their own nature so often fail to see it. A large part of the real enticement of the field is in the nature of the case subjective. How strong this is, the uninitiated can never know; but it is not greater than that which can be seen by all. The first glance at missionary operations suggests pioneering, one of the most inspiring things in the world. Children make wooden guns and bows, and dress themselves like Indians, and roam over the fields and vacant lots, playing that they are pioneers. Laboring men run risks, and millionaires plunge into the mad savagery of the stock exchange for a few moments of pioneering excitement. Old folks sit by the fireside and recount the days of tomahawk and war-whoop through which their fathers passed, as one of the choicest heritages they can bequeath to their children. What all these are trying to feel or recall, the missionary experiences every day of his life.

When he thrusts the spade into the hard, thorn-covered soil and by the sweat of his brow tries to make two blades grow where one grew before, he is doing just what the Pilgrims did on the wintry shores of New England. When he lies down to sleep on a floor of hard boards or damp stones or ground, he is doing what our pioneers are still doing on our Western plains. When he eats his frugal dinner of tinned milk and meat and hard bread, he is doing just what the soldiers do when they follow the flag. And when his house or his chapel is stoned by men who do not understand him, he gets the same thrill that came to our fathers from the war-whoop off in the forests. He sails stormy seas, lives on barren shores, climbs rugged mountains, swims treacherous rivers, boats over boisterous lakes, and, wet with rain and beaten by the storm, finds shelter in vermin-filled and pestilence-breeding houses. No pioneer ever passed through greater dangers or displayed greater endurance.

Missionaries know that they are pioneers. They are building future nations. They dream of the time when the rivers they swim will be highways of commerce, and the plains they traverse, dotted with towns and threaded over with railroads. They could not, if they would, close their eyes to national movements going on all around them and of which they are a part, possibly a large part.

Thus, to the excitement of the present pioneer life is added a vision of certain results, a coming time when they will be recognized by history, possibly individually, without doubt, as factors in the several processes which have wrought national greatness. Nor do they see their part in these national movements, possibly world movements, confined to their own actions or to their own times. Their families are being built into the great new structure in process of erection, and by virtue of their greater inherited abilities, or ad-

vantages of education, will take a prominent and influential part in coming national achievement.

The contemplation of such a vision may well carry a man out from himself into a state of mental intoxication. The formerly dormant powers of Japan are already being seen, but no one knows what volcanic energies are still stored up in China, or India, or even in the Philippines. That one may have part in developing and handling such immense forces is a stupendous thought; what ambitious young man can resist its influence!

At our age of the world, when premonitions of Oriental power and invasion come from time to time, creeping like a chill up the spine of the West, it is fitting to take into account the conservative effects of missionary activity. The missionary's teaching of peace, his interpreting the peaceful character of his own people to turbulent spirits among whom he lives, and the verification of his teaching by peacefully enduring attack and danger, constitute the most conservative force exerted to-day by Christian nations among the heathen.

A missionary is almost never a radical, especially on political questions, and as he is the only representative of a foreign nation known to millions of heathen, often the most turbulent, a sentiment for international peace and good-will is widely diffused. More missionaries on the field would mean less foreign and anti-foreign agitation. Governments can not do better than to foster and encourage missionary enterprise, for aside from the stimulus universally given to commerce by the presence of missionaries, and the desire for better things aroused by them among the people with whom they work, they become a powerful conservative force for

the protection of established commercial interests. The missionary knowing these things, feels that with his hand he is holding back billows which may break with desolating power upon his own people; and too he knows full well that when the time comes that he can not hold them back, they can be restrained



Dr. Lemmon baptizing some mountain Filipinos at Laoag, P. I.

by no other force than war. He feels that he is one whose hand is upon the balance wheel of a nation, and his influence is the same as that of kings, emperors, or presidents, probably more powerful.

In days of the dim past some missionaries used to lose their heads in such contemplations and allow themselves to meddle in affairs of state, as some unfortunately do to-day. Such are very few. The wise missionary carries well the responsibilities of his high office and discharges his every-day duties with the dignity and enthusiasm of a statesman, knowing that he represents meekness as well as power.

Manila, P. I.



The Province of Anhwei.

DR. E. I. OSGOOD.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The province lies west of Kiangsu and Chekiang, being the second inland on the course of the Yangtse. This river runs through the province from the southwest corner, northeast to about the middle of the eastern border of the province, cutting off about one-fourth to the south of the river. This southern part is quite mountainous, but traversed by



E. I. OSGOOD.

several canals, the longest of which enter the Yangtse near Wuhu.

The Hwai River divides the northern section of the province into two unequal portions, the smaller being north of it and containing a little over one-fourth of the province. This northern quarter is almost as level as a floor; numerous canals flowing into the Hwai give easy access to most of its cities. The Hwai flows eastward through the Hung-tse Lake into the Grand Canal, allowing boats from Chinkiang to reach any part of Northern Anhwei and Eastern Honan.

The province is about 350 miles long by 160 broad, containing 48,000 square miles, with 30,000,000 people, more or less. A chain of low mountains divides the tributaries of the Yangtse and the Hwai, preventing the junction of their waterways by artificial or other means. This same range produces a large variety of medical herbs. From the north of the Hwai endless caravans bear south various kinds of oils, hides, and baskets. South of the Yangtse compasses, sundials, inks, and laquer work are produced in abundance. Farming is the one industry of the people. North of the Hwai the country is very level, and carts abound. South of that river animals, wheelbarrows, and men with carrying poles become the burden bearers.

The chief standard of money through

the province is the Spanish dollar. Most of those now in use were coined in Spain over one hundred years ago. Their relative value to the Chinese dollar constantly varies, vibrating between \$1.25 and \$1.45.

HISTORICAL.—With Kaifengfu on the northwest and Nanking on the eastern border, both places having had the honor of being China's capital many times over, it is not to be wondered at that Anhwei should have played a prominent though humble part in the history of the empire. At Hwaiyuen there is a temple erected to the memory of Yu Hwang-ti, the celebrated canal digger. Many of the canals in that section are reputed to have been his work, thus dating back to the time when Abraham was tenting in Canaan.

Near to the banks of the Hwai is another place, Fengyang, from which Hungwu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, came. It for a time became one of his capitals. The country between these three cities of Nanking, Fengyang, and Kaifengfu is covered with the ruins of royal construction. Signal mounds, old bridges, ruins of palaces, and broken bits of paved roads are in evidence. The Taipings swept through most of the province, leaving ruins of former great cities in their wake. The greater part of some towns is built up of broken brick dug from ruins.

Lu Cheo-fu, the geographical center of the province, is the ancestral home of Li Hung-chang, and most of the regions round about are in the possession of his family. It is dotted with the tombs, pawn-shops, and other brick buildings, which form a contrast to the miserable huts of the peasantry.

There are eight "Fu," five "Chih-li Cheo," four "Cheo," and fifty-one "Hsien" cities in the province, making a total of sixty-eight walled cities.

MISSIONARY HISTORY.—Protestant mission work began in the province in 1869, when Messrs. Meadows and Williamson, of the China Inland Mission, established themselves in a houseboat be-

fore the walls of the provincial capital, Ganking. For sixteen years this was the only society operating in the province. Then the Methodist and Christian missions entered Wuhu, and shortly after the Christian Alliance. Now there are representatives also of the American Church, the Christian Advent, the Presbyterian (North), and the Gospel (Baptist) Missions, besides a station at Wuhu of independent workers. Nineteen cities have been opened as resident stations, and fifty-three out-stations opened.

Statistics gathered this past autumn show 27 stations in 19 cities. There are 99 missionaries, 98 evangelists, 15 Bible women, 1,693 members of the church, 31 day schools with 617 pupils, seven boarding schools with 114 scholars, six hospitals treating 1,557 in-patients and receiving 42,961 visits from out-patients.

MEDICAL WORK is scattered well

over the province, only the western and southern borders being without a hospital. The Christian Mission has two—one at Lu Cheofu, in the geographical center (the Li family have also opened one here in their ancestral home), and one at Chu Cheo, on the eastern border. Between these three and one hundred or more miles from each of them is the Presbyterian hospital at Hwaiyuen. The Methodist Mission has a large hospital at Wuhu, and the American Church has the sixth at Ganking, the capital.

Nine years ago the region in the northeast portion of the province, a region as large as all south of the Yangtse, was without a single resident missionary. Now three societies have opened work in two large cities and planted sixteen missionaries in them. Itinerations have been carried on through the whole dis-



S. S. Oregon at Bolenge Beach, Africa. A "Bumba" tree is in the background.

strict and plans laid for other points to be speedily opened. The proposed railroad between Nanking and Peking runs through the heart of this neglected region and will, when slow diplomacy allows its construction, add to the impetus of missionary work.

It is one of the most thickly settled portions of the province, and one of the wildest as far as the people are concerned. They are more quarrelsome than the average Chinese and hold human life less sacredly. The officials find great trouble in holding them under authority. Some years ago several thousand were massacred in order to stamp out a rebellion. Every man carries a knife and knows how to use it. When a man draws his weapon, blood must flow. If the offender retracts, the man will wound himself before replacing his weapon. They speak of a man who will thrust his knife three times through the flesh of his leg, making six holes, as the synonym of fearlessness. The Catholics have for years been intrenched in this region and made no small opposition to the entrance of Protestants.

For these and other reasons the region has been passed by for more inviting fields. But many of these obstacles have been removed, and the region is as open to the gospel as other parts. One of the most enlightened of China's modern officials has held office in the center of this great plain for two years, and he has more than once shown a willingness to aid mission work there. The mission opening work in his city would receive a hearty welcome. A few years ago he broke his leg and was treated by Dr. Macklin at Nanking in his hospital. While thus confined he, with the aid of the doctor, translated a book on agriculture into the Chinese language.

The reinforcements of these nine years have largely been placed north of the Yangtse, and nearly all in that neglected portion. South of that river still has nearly one-half of the total workers, though two less than five years ago. The Christian Alliance Mission has moved their headquarters from Wuhu to Wuchang, and they have one less station in the province than at that time. Their north of the river work has been

taken over by the Advent Christian Mission, which has opened a station in Wuhu since the Boxer outbreak.

WUHU.—This city, being on the Yangtse and the first open port in the province, has become a missionary center. The first station was opened there in about 1889 by the Methodist society. The Christian Mission began there in 1890. Now there are six societies and one independent mission doing work there, a total of twenty-three missionaries. Their field of operation covers about 3,000 square miles. There are twenty evangelists, eight Bible women, twenty day schools with 350 pupils, two boarding schools with thirty-seven scholars, one hospital treating over 800 patients in its wards, and 800 members of the church under their care.

In other words, through an area covering about one-sixteenth of the province, a quarter of the missionaries and evangelists are laboring and have succeeded in gathering in nearly one-half of the total number of church members. They have charge of two-thirds of the day schools, with over one-half of the pupils, and the one hospital has as many in-patients as all the others put together. Within the city itself their chapels are very evenly distributed, being on an average of about one mile apart, or not over fifteen minutes' walk. There is about one chapel to every 10,000 people and about one missionary to every 5,000 of the people.

Christian Endeavor work has only recently obtained a footing. In the spring of 1905 only two societies were reported. Two more have been organized this past fall, and the indications are that others will soon introduce this efficient adjunct to all Christian activities. Where it has been used it has proved a great blessing to the Christians, changing their attitude to the Church from that of babes to co-workers.

The family of the late Li Hung-chang has established a college of Western learning in his ancestral home and also is building a hospital. They have run a dispensary there for several years. Its effect on the local mission work has been a help rather than a hindrance, as the head of the college is a Christian and

a foreign missionary himself, working continuously and harmoniously with the other missionaries there. Several of the Chinese teachers and physicians are also Christians.

In the new order of things for China this province offers especial opportunities at the present time for reaching all classes. There are very few foreigners

outside of the missionaries in the province, and with only two important cities on the Yangtse, the people have little opportunity of introducing the new regime except as the missionaries aid them. Thus they can gain an influence in the day schools and colleges springing up, and by a judicious use of advice can do much in molding the new China.

A Country Trip in India.

DR. JENNIE V. FLEMING.

A few Sundays ago, just as I was starting to Sunday school, a man came in from a village fifteen miles out and wanted me to go at once to see a sick woman. He said she was the niece of the King of Patua—he is the king, or ruler, of about thirty villages. The case was urgent; so while I hurried to the hospital to get the things I might



need, Miss Clarke fixed luncheon and got everything in readiness. I was glad when she said she would go with me, for I dreaded to make the trip alone. We started from Damoh a little past eight. The first three miles we could go on good road. I had not known before just what the country roads could be in the rainy season; but one trip quite satisfies one's curiosity. After traveling on the road for some distance, we came to rice fields. The country roads are not used much in the rains, as they are often impassable for carts; so the farmers plow right across the road, and if no carts want to pass, they are so much ahead; and if they do, they just drive across the field. A bank or wall of earth is thrown up all around a rice field to hold the water in; and as these banks are from a foot to two-and-a-half feet high, having to drive over them gives one unpleasant sensations, to say the least. We found ourselves holding frantically to the side of the tonga that was high, and holding our breath until we came down with a thump. The rice

was so beautiful, though; and indeed the whole country at this season is beautiful. I do not know how much of the distance was through rice fields and over "bunds," but we soon found other obstacles. Other fields are fenced in, and we soon came up against one of these fences. The men, who were showing the way, calmly proceeded to tear down enough fence for us to drive through. This was not very difficult, as the fences are made of branches of a thorny tree, just stuck in the ground, but they are quite effective in keeping animals out. We had to tear down nine of these fences. Part of the road was so rocky we had to walk quite a distance. It seemed that the tonga could not help being broken to pieces. The one good thing about it was that it was not raining. About eleven o'clock we stopped to eat our breakfast and let the oxen rest a bit; then we started on. We came to a river, and the water was so deep at the ford we were afraid if we rode across we would get wet; so we walked quite a way up the bank and found we could cross on stones. We then asked the guide if we would have a good road the remainder of the way. His answer, "Rice fields, nothing but rice fields," was not very consoling, for we were getting very tired. Then we saw Patua in the distance, a "city built on a hill." We reached there about half-past two and had to wait at the foot of the hill until word was sent that we had arrived. They sent for us to come on up, and also the word that a little daughter had arrived about three hours before we did.

There is a small government school

in the town, and we were to stay there, they said. There was no use trying to start back before the next day, for we could not go over that road at night. As soon as we got there, about fifteen men came in and sat around on the floor watching everything that we did. We were anxious to fix our hair and get washed up a bit, but did not care to furnish amusement for that crowd of men. So we sat and talked with them a long time, and after awhile a servant came in, bearing a tray on which he had four rupees (about a dollar and a quarter), some betel nut, spices, and some kind of perfume that he rubbed on our foreheads. We said salaam, and took a little of everything but the rupees, and we did not know whether we were to take them or not. He came back after awhile and put everything on the table, saying we were to take it all, because they were showing us they were glad we had come. And still the men sat. So we lighted our little alcohol stove and heated water for tea. When it was ready we told them we were tired and were going to drink some tea, and they disappeared in a hurry. No matter how much they would like to, they would not stay to see us eat. It would not be proper. Not that we would care, but they are so particular about their own

food and about having others around when they eat, that they would not think of staying while we ate.

About five o'clock they sent word we could go to see the woman. It was only a short distance away. These people were wealthy and could have had some comfort, but they were just as ignorant and superstitious as the most ignorant villagers in many ways. The woman was in a dark room, so dark that I could not see for some time. Near her bed was burning a fire of logs, and she was covered completely with heavy comforts, for fear, they said, the "air might strike her." What a blessing it would have been for her if she could have had a breath of fresh air! Her baby was a beautiful child, but we did not dare praise it because of their superstitious fear that if we praised it the "evil eye" might "fasten" to it. As we were ready to leave the house, the father invited us to sit awhile, as the women of the town were coming to sing songs of rejoicing for the mother. There were about three hundred of them in the courtyard, different groups singing, others playing their instruments, and every few minutes a gun was fired. They sang awhile, then some one invited us to sing. We were glad of the opportunity to sing, for they would not listen to us speak, there



Summer School of Native Evangelists, led by Geo. W. Brown, at Jubbulpore, India,

was too much excitement on; they had a festival on as well as the rejoicing. So we sang simple songs about Christ the Savior of all, and they listened well, for they love music. Then they sang again, and again gave us our turn, until it was nearly dark. Then they went to perform their festival ceremonies and wished us to go see them. This I was glad to do; for you seldom have an opportunity to witness such things except from a distance. This was a women's festival. They had brought the wheat that had been grown in the house for this purpose, and had put it down in the center of the courtyard. They gave us a seat, and then began. A number of women joined hands and marched around the wheat, singing and bowing to it. I think we attracted as much attention, though, as did the singers; for they do not see white people every day. They kept this up until we got tired and wished they would do something else. In a little while they were ready to start to the lake, where they would put the wheat in the water. They offered us some to carry away, but we refused it. Whether they did not want us to see the ceremony at the lake or not, we did not know; but, anyway, they left us with a crowd of singers and went to the lake without us. We were tired of waiting, so went back to our school-house and hoped the queen would send

us our dinner soon; for we were tired and hungry. It came about eight o'clock, and we enjoyed it very much indeed. Some of the Indian women are very good cooks. Our drinking water was gone, and we could not drink what was there until it was boiled; so, as we had a few lemons, we boiled a kettle of water and made hot lemonade; we thought it would taste better than hot water. After sending word that we wanted to start early next morning, and asking that our guide be ready by six o'clock, we thought we would sleep if we could. We had to put our beds out in the courtyard, as it was too hot to sleep inside. We did not have much sleep, however, as we had several visitors who came and sat awhile to talk, the mosquitoes and sandflies were too friendly to be pleasant, and besides that the native beds were too short for comfort. We were ready bright and early next morning, but had to wait till eight o'clock for our guide. You can not "hustle the East;" so we tried to be patient. We were sorry we could not stay a week and teach the people, but our work in town was being neglected while we were away. The journey back was a repetition of the one the day before, except that it was hotter. We were indeed glad to reach home, with no broken bones and without getting caught in the rain.

The Story of the Gospel in the Philippines.

C. L. PICKETT, M. D.

There are no more remarkable records to be found in the history of modern missionary efforts than is being wrought out by Protestant missions in the Philippine Islands to-day. The victory of Admiral Dewey not only announced to the world that the flag of Spain was to be supplanted by the Stars and Stripes, but it announced also that the long-drawn-out period of Roman Catholic suppression and tyranny was to be supplanted by one of religious liberty and freedom of the individual conscience. To eight millions of people the Bible was, at last, to be an open book, that all who cared and could might read.

So for the first time in all history the floodlight of divine love has been shining in upon a people who are capable of a far greater intellectual and spiritual life than had ever before been revealed to them.

The story of their preparation for a fuller knowledge of God's revelation covers their history for more than three centuries. The statement that they had not been brought up to a higher plane of life than purely heathen nations would not be giving honor to whom honor is due. Yet any thought that would preclude the fact that "there remaineth yet much land to be possessed" for the Di-

vine Master would be equally untrue to fact. Thousands were waiting with troubled and undefined impulses the passing of the dawn and were ready to welcome the fuller day of opportunity, privilege, and religious experience. Into this open door of opportunity your missionaries have entered. How well we have fulfilled our mission statistics will tell in part.

The Philippine Islands comprise a territory of about 117,000 square miles. They are inhabited by 8,000,000 of people. These peoples are divided into nearly a hundred tribes, each having its own distinct dialect. The larger of these tribes had been semi-Christianized and semi-civilized by the powers that had preceded us. But the Moros of the south and the mountain tribes of all islands were practically untouched, while the spiritual status of all showed that much was yet to be desired. The Spanish friars had become the oppressors instead of the leaders of the people, and religious progress was at a standstill. Soon after Aguinaldo and his following had begun the propagation of the idea of political independence, a priest by the name of Aglipay conceived the thought that if the islands were to

be independent politically they should be religiously also. He therefore headed an insurrection against the established church, and some three millions of people followed his leading. Had he inaugurated a real propaganda of righteousness and religious instruction, great was his opportunity and wonderful might have been his results. But he knew little of the Bible himself, and his priestly following cared less. His movement soon resolved itself into a semi-political, semi-religious one, with little objective other than personal preferment. Twelve years have shown it to be a gradually diminishing quantity. It revealed the fact, however, that there are hosts of Filipinos who are not bound by the dogmas of Rome.

Protestant missionaries have given to these wavering multitudes a definite program. They have pressed the problem of our Christianity home to many who, at first, thought to ridicule and scoff. They have put Gospels and gospel truths into hands and homes where they were looked upon with suspicion and fear until God's Holy Spirit, working through them as his agent, wrought changes which pen and ink can not describe. Roman priests have burned



First native Christian Convention at Laoag, Philippines. The four people at the front in the center are Igorrotes (mountain people.) They were recently baptized. Mr. Hanna and Doctor Lemmon are seen to the right of the center, and Mrs. Lemmon and Miss Siegfried to the left.

some Bibles and stoned some chapels and started many idle tales; but God's Word is not returning unto him void, but it is accomplishing the thing whereunto it was sent. In fact we are proving to you that the Philippines is the ripest mission field on earth to-day. I am not saying that it is the most important, the most needy, or the most difficult; but I want to emphasize the fact of the ripeness and fullness of present opportunity. Had your missionaries been getting out a "Special Booster" for the Philippine Mission, we could hardly have done better than has the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in its annual report. A glance at the statistics displayed reveals the fact that of the 1,841 converts on all fields last year, 1,010 of them were in the Philippine Islands. The financial receipts of the one medical station in the Islands were greater than were those of all the other medical stations combined. Our one station among the Tagalogs reports more conversions than are reported by the workers of any entire field outside the Philippines. Everywhere our evangelists are both sowing and reaping. Aparri, with no American missionary, has had 170 converts. Your workers over there are not superior to those of other lands. Far from it. But the ripeness of the field forces rapid action upon us. I have scarcely time to tell you that during a five-weeks' camping expedition we organized a congregation of 160 members, which in the five years since has almost trebled its membership. Or that one of our native preachers visited a little island off Northern Luzon last year and baptized twenty-seven believers in three weeks. Or how that another visited a company of soldiers for a short time and converted seventy-five of them. Suffice it to say that if trees are known by their evangelistic fruits, we confidently believe these results call for your warmest enthusiasm and your most ardent, vigorous, and prompt support.

But all our problems are not evangelistic. The task of training and developing a native ministry capable of leading our converts—babes in Christ that they are—up into a fuller knowledge of Christian life and experience is

one that is weighing heavily upon us just now. We had hoped to report progress on our college at Vigan at this time, but, owing to sickness among our workers, our hands have been tied. We are doing what we can by getting students into our own homes and teaching them; but this is a tedious process. We gather our workers together in institutes; but this, too, is only partially satisfactory. We hope during the coming year to have our college in good working order. A part of our educational problem is the training of a really Scriptural eldership. Men must be taught as well as boys. Hands must be directed into new fields as well as minds and tongues. If our churches are to become self-supporting, our preachers and teaching elders must be taught how to make brick, how to make earthenware, how to make chairs, how to make hats, how to make shoes, how to make molasses, or something whereby they may earn a part, at least, of their livelihood while they are propagating the divine message. Just now a splendid educational opportunity is about to be opened up to us in Manila. It must be remembered that we are working in two quite distinct fields in the Philippines. One is among the Ilocanos, the other among the Tagalogs. Their dialects are almost entirely different. The two tribes mix somewhat, but oftentimes it is a mixture indeed, rather than a union. The solving of our educational problem in one field does not solve it to any very great extent in the other. The men who are to do the great bulk of the work of bringing the gospel message home to the common people in either field must be trained upon their own soil. This is not a note of alarm. It is the battle-cry of opportunity. The civil government is just beginning the establishment of a general university in Manila. Ground has already been selected, and within the next two years the first building will be built. The medical department is already in operation. Students will gather here from all over the islands for their professional courses. The brightest youths of all tribes will be brought together as never before in the history of the islands, and

their common medium of intercourse and instruction will be the English language. Already our Methodist brethren and the Roman Catholics are seeing their opportunity and are planning the erection of extensive dormitories. Shall the missionaries of the Disciples of Christ close their eyes and see nothing and say nothing? Is it too much to hope that we may have a Bible-chair Dormitory that will be the best stand-

ard bearer of them all? Shall primitive Christianity falter and sit back because the prayers of the brotherhood are answered and doors of opportunity and privilege are opening before us in connection with this great university? Brethren, our faith in you has never yet been shaken, nor has it had occasion to falter in case of urgent need. May the Heavenly Father guide us all into the greatest possible fields of usefulness!

Four China Missionaries.*

AN APPRECIATION BY A BAPTIST.

CHAS. SPURGEON MEDHURST. •

I first introduce A. E. Cory, his wife, and children. Cory is a man who lives on enthusiasm and hard work—food, rest, sleep are for him secondary matters, to be attended to if time permits. A man who is able to understand things for which he has no personal preferences. Friend Cory is a good "mixer." Men who are neither missionaries nor Christians like him, although he himself never forgets either his calling or his aims. I could fill a page about Brother Cory, and it would be interesting "copy;" but I will only add that Mrs. Cory is in every sense a co-worker with and an inspiration to her never-resting husband, and that the two little Corys are being trained to follow the ways of their father. I am sorry I can not give this family an article to themselves.

Mr. Cory has a worthy colleague in Frank Garrett. These two men are as different in temperament as in features, but one in the enormity of their appetites for work. They are as harmonious as the right and left auricles and ventricles of the heart. I can not even begin the story of Mr. Garrett's mission. In addition to the responsibilities of a band of young theological students which he shares with his friend Mr. Cory, Frank Garrett is doing the work of an evangelist. It would be difficult to find a work needing greater power of adaptation, or more patient and persevering ingenuity, or to find a man doing the work more efficiently than Frank

Garrett. I was myself an evangelist for many years, with views of my own as to how the work should be done, and I therefore appreciate and understand the endeavors of Brother Garrett.

As a married man with a family, I feel free to speak my mind of Miss Raw without reservation. The missionaries of all societies live in the suburbs of Nanking, but Miss Raw lives in the native city. Now Nanking can hardly be called an ideal residence; even when judged from the standpoint of China it is not ideal, but no one who has seen the country will commit the blunder of supposing that China is an ideal land for any but the Chinese. For them it may be all right—they are used to it; but, well, we were brought up differently. Miss Raw and her colleague, Miss Kelly, who is just now in the States, like many and many another missionary, invalidated home on account of sickness, are happy in the middle of Nanking City. "Those who have children could not live here, you know," Miss Raw told me. I assented readily enough, and asked inwardly, "And how, dear girl, do you?" Streets just wide enough for the passage of a single carriage, small rooms with a tiny, flowerless paved courtyard, no scenery but tiled roofs, and no one near but Chinese. "We can not open this window," she said, referring to a remark that it would probably admit a cool breeze in summer. "We can not open this window; our neighbors are opium smokers." If my readers have once inhaled the stench of

* From the *Pacific Christian*.

the opium pipe they will understand why the fresh air was kept out because of the opium smell. I sympathized with Miss Raw on the soulless outlook. "Look," she smiled, drawing me to another window. I looked and glimpsed in the far distance a shadowy hill. It was the one bit of real nature anywhere visible, and the brave lady cherished it as a smile from God. Of course, she is busy. If she were not she would not be alive—several weekly Bible classes, daily receptions at all hours, prayer-meetings, instruction classes for inquirers, and the thousand and ten incidentals which keep a missionary's mind from brooding—but if there were not a secret, sweet-souled alchemy at work this refined, bright girl could not be happy where she is, minus nearly all the niceties every woman loves. Miss Raw is another illustration of the fact experience has long familiarized us with. Environment matters nothing; soul matters everything.

My space is almost exhausted and I have said nothing of Dr. Macklin. Macklin is not a Burbank, but in his own way he is as much of a wizard. He is three or four men in one, and it depends upon which you see as to what impression you will receive. An ardent advocate of Henry George and the Single Tax, he loses no opportunity for pointing the Chinese to the open road to better economic conditions. Specially provided funds from non-missionary sources have enabled him to produce a number of Chinese writings on this subject. Then Dr. Macklin is a gardener, and very pleased he was, and so was I, as he conducted me through his carefully cultivated plots where he raises fresh vegetables, providing for his colleagues and his family valuable food-stuffs not obtainable on the native market, and bringing his hospital a neat little income from their sale. Again, Dr. Macklin is a financier and has a secret

of his own for charming money from rich Chinese, without whose help he could not continue his Christlike efforts. While I was in Nanking, a neighbor presented him with ten acres adjoining the present hospital property. He had incidentally met him on a river steamer a little while before. The man of the East liked the man from the West, and this gift was the result. Once more, Dr. Macklin is a teacher, and there is a band of young Chinese doctors practicing medicine after Western methods who owe all their knowledge, their science, their skill, and their animation to Dr. Macklin. As a physician Dr. Macklin is trusted by his colleagues and loved by the Chinese. Every one—foreigner and Chinaman—speaks well of him. Above all, as a preacher of the gospel of the Crucified Savior he makes all who come within the range of his influence realize the regenerative power of the Cross. Like A. E. Cory and Frank Garrett, Dr. Macklin would doubtless be unable to accomplish half he does were it not for the stimulus derived from association with his like-minded wife and children, some of whom are, however, in the States.

Of Miss Lyon and her inspiring school of ninety girls, her brave and cheerful fight with heavy odds, and the success she is winning in spite of difficulties, I can say nothing because the story is difficult to condense into a few lines. Herbert P. Shaw with his indispensable school at Shanghai, its gospel services, its healing central focus of good-will and of self-forgetfulness in the remembrance of others, must likewise be passed, as must his honored senior colleague. More is left unsaid than has found vent in speech, but enough has doubtless been told to demonstrate that investment in Chinese missions is a "sure thing."



The Romance of the Missionary.*

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

If commerce follows the flag, the flag follows the missionary. It is one of the facts of history. From the days when the lean Jesuits blazed the way in North America for the flag of France, till Livingstone opened the Dark Continent to European exploitation, the missionary has marched before the soldier; the prayer-book and the Bible have proved more powerful than the rifle and the machine-gun.

Commerce, geography, and civilization alike owe the missionary a debt which they can never hope to repay. The exploration work of Livingstone is marked by rare precision and by a breadth of observation which will forever make it a monument to the name of the most intrepid traveler of the nineteenth century. It was Verbeck, a missionary to Japan, who carried the ideals of Western civilization to the empire of the Mikado before the ink on Perry's treaty was fairly dry, and gave the flowery kingdom its present system of education. William Carey, the great missionary to India, by a tremendous labor of translation served the interests of scholars and of commerce as well as of religion; and, going to India to preach salvation from sin, immediately set about abolishing the suttee—the custom of sacrificing the widow upon her husband's funeral pyre. It was the representations of American missionaries that induced Seward and his colleagues to bring about the purchase of Alaska.

If the clatter of American harvesters is heard to-day from one end of Asia Minor to the other; if the Eskimos of Greenland and Alaska and Labrador vary their monotonous diet of fish and blubber with tinned meats from Chicago and Kansas City; if the natives of Equatoria insist on buying cotton sheeting that is stamped "American," and will take no other, our merchants and manufacturers, instead of praising the consul or the commercial traveler, may thank the American missionaries.

No matter in what direction you may

turn your canoe or your caravan, you will find them preaching and teaching, living in the native dress amid the filth of Manchurian villages, moving with the nomad tribes of the Sahara, or sleeping in the Indian wigwams of the far northwest. When Younghusband, at the head of his primitive expedition, crossed the frontier of Tibet, he believed himself the first white person to enter that mysterious region—until, on his northward march, he was astounded to find a little American woman fearlessly carrying on her mission work within the borders of the Forbidden Land.

David Livingstone, Verbeck of Japan, Carey of India—those were names to conjure with in their time, and their deeds have thrown a glamour of romance about the calling of the foreign mission worker which will last until the end of time.

About the missionary of to-day—and I have ridden with him, boot to boot, in a score of lands—there is scant reminder of the somber-garbed, psalm-singing, nasal-voiced, narrow-minded proselytizer who has been made the butt of jokes in comic supplements from time immemorial. The American missionary of the present, clean-cut and college-bred, comes from another mold. He is as carefully trained as the consul or the commercial traveler, though on broader and more comprehensive lines. When he starts for his new field he is something more than a theologian and a preacher. He has had an agricultural course and can plow and sow and reap after the most approved fashion; or he knows something of manual industry and can use a plane, a saw, or a lathe, the tools of a blacksmith, a carpenter, or a mason; possibly he understands the elements of electricity and of hydraulics and can install a dynamo or set up a ram; or perhaps he is going out as a medical missionary, in which case the preaching and teaching will be subordinated to the care of the sick, the healing of the lame, the halt, and the blind.

History shows nothing finer than the way in which these pickets of civiliza-

*From the *World's Work*.

tion, scattered over the strange portions of the globe, have distilled a grim humor out of their desolate situations, turning not only a bold but a laughing face upon the perils which their lives may bring. There is, indeed, something approaching the divine in their power to rise about hard conditions and to use their minds for the purpose of mocking at the miseries of their bodies. In all the world there is no more thrilling romance than that of these pioneers of progress who have carried the gospel of the clean shirt side by side with that of salvation even to the very Back of Beyond.

Twilight in the Banda Sea. To the eastward the coast of New Guinea lay like a purple blur athwart the darkening horizon. The schooner, with her little crew of white men and yellow, slipped silently through the labyrinth of keys and islets, making slight headway before the faint breeze which scarce sufficed to fill her canvas. Out from their ambush behind a palm-fringed island slipped the lean pirate proas, loaded to the water's edge with naked, swarthy, sinister figures. On they came, swiftly, silently, under the impetus of the frenzied oars.

The Yankee skipper divined the danger at a glance, but though he clapped on all sail and prayed for a freshening breeze, it was with scant hope that he dealt out the rifles and cutlasses and assigned their stations to the meager force at his command—to all but the Quaker missionary in his shovel-hat and somber garb, who waves aside the weapon which the captain thrust upon him. "It is against the tenets of our faith," he said, gently, "to make use of carnal weapons; nor may I raise my hand against a fellow creature, even though he be a pagan and seeks my blood. But it may well be, Friend Captain, that I can do my share in some other fashion toward our defense."

He disappeared down the companion way, only to reappear almost immediately, staggering under a load of beer bottles. Officers, passengers, and chattering Chinese crew, engaged in hastily barricading the upper decks for what promised to be a hopeless stand against overwhelming numbers, had scant time

to notice the strange actions of the missionary, who was bringing armful after armful of bottles up on deck. These he proceeded to smash, strewing the fragments from one end of the vessel to the other, until all that portion of the deck outside the breastworks was a bed of shivered glass.

Scarcely was his task completed, when the proas surged alongside, and in another moment the bulwarks were alive with savage forms, each brandishing the wicked kris. From poop and quarter-deck the rifles spoke in spluttering chorus; but the fierce, red-turbaned figures still swarmed up the sides, sheltering themselves behind the bulwarks. Then, at the signal from their leader, over they poured in a howling, whirling, murderous mob—and struck the deck with its coating of knife-like splinters. Even the wild ferocity of the Malay could not withstand the torture of the jagged fragments piercing his naked feet. The fire of the handful of defenders was redoubled, and the pirates, screaming in agony as they fell and rose and fell again on the broken glass, stumbled to the bulwarks and, dropping overside into their waiting proas, disappeared as silently and swiftly as they had come, leaving their dead behind them.

In more lands than one has the missionary given proof of his ingenuity and resource under conditions that would wholly discourage men of other callings. On the other side of the world from the Sea of Banda, north of the Arctic Circle, the Rev. E. J. Peck lives and labors on the lonely shores of Cumberland Sound, opposite Greenland, perhaps the most remote and inaccessible mission station on the face of the globe. Originally sent out by the Church Missionary Society of England to labor among the Eskimos on the northeastern shores of Hudson's Bay, after eight years he laced on his snowshoes and, cracking the long whip over his dog team, turned his face toward the farther North. Months later, travel-worn and almost famished, he came out on the shores of Cumberland Sound. Sharing one of their snow huts with the Eskimos among whom he found himself, subsisting on seal meat and the blubber of whales, he set himself

to the difficult task of learning their language.

Then came the question of a church in which to preach, for the snow huts were of insufficient size, and there was no timber within a thousand miles. So this resourceful genius—what a Robinson Crusoe he would have made!—asked each of his parishioners to give him one ordinary sealskin. He organized a sewing-bee among the fur-clad women of his congregation, up there north of the Arctic Circle; and through the long winter nights they worked under his direction until they had stitched the skins into one great blanket—the walls and roof of the northernmost church in the world. This sealskin covering was stretched over a rough framework; seats, made from old provision boxes left by passing explorers, were placed inside; a paraffin lamp and a small stove provided light and heat.

But his difficulties, Peck found, had only just begun. He had a church, and he could preach to his congregation in their own tongue; but how was he to make clear to these dwellers in the frozen North certain passages in the Bible? How was he to explain to a people who lived in a land of perpetual snow, whose knowledge of animals did not extend beyond the dog, the whale, and the seal, and many of whom had never seen a tree, what was meant by a sheep, a cow, a grapevine, a city? Even here his ingenuity did not desert him. By the next post—a ship called once in thirteen months—he sent to the States

for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Baffin Land still dates from that ever-memorable magic-lantern exhibition. From three hundred miles around the expectant Eskimos came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The sealskin church was filled to overflowing. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm-oil and blubber and sweat-soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered forty degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the straggling list of Arctic explorers who have touched at Cumberland Sound have long since been forgotten, the recollection of that magic-lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimo from Meta In-cognita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the sealskin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the sealskin covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at a safe distance, they proceeded to devour.

Report from Australia.

THEO. B. FISHER.

The annual offering has just been taken, and from every quarter come news of record offerings for Foreign Missions. The list is by no means complete, but the churches have done magnificently. The offerings of the leading churches are as follows: Swanston Street, Melbourne, the church to which W. H. Allen is coming from the United States, \$336; Lygon Street, Melbourne, where Horace Kingsbury labors, \$326—last year this church gave

\$206; Grote Street, Adelaide, where J. E. Thomas is laboring, \$487; Enmore Tabernacle, Sydney, where G. T. Walden is the minister, \$528; Norwood, South Australia, the church to which A. C. Rankine ministers, gave \$700. These are the largest gifts reported so far. But the churches as a whole have done well, in some cases giving 100 per cent and 150 per cent over last year. Things Foreign Missionary were never better in Australia than to-day.

Cheltenham, Victoria.

Symposium on Missionary Literature.

"WHERE THE BOOK SPEAKS."

JAMES SMALL.

In my judgment this is the best book ever printed on the missionary spirit in the Church of Christ. There is not a dry chapter in it. Whoever begins to read it will read it through. If he is half-converted to missions when he begins to read, he will be wholly converted by the time he has finished, and be ready to "burn out" for the greatest cause in the whole world. O, brother preacher, if you want to come in touch with live coals that will set you on fire for your Lord, and get preaching material that is fresh, read this book.

Kansas City, Mo.



JAMES SMALL,
Kansas City.

"BOLENGE."

E. W. COLE.

"A great book is the life blood of a master spirit." "Bolenge," the greatest missionary book of the age, contains the life blood of martyrs and heroes, the acts of some of the most loyal souls of the Christian era. It is a book of brave deeds of daring that stir the blood. If a picture of a ship on a dining-room wall will send a family of boys to dare the sea, this book on the library table will send your boys into the ministry and mission field. It will strike the heroic note, awaken the boy to duty, and answer the call of the ministry for recruits. To give it wide distribution in your congregation, will cure the ills of your church life. If you have skeptics on the question of miracles, give them "Bolenge;" if you have members who are troubled with sleeping-sickness, kill the germ by giving them "Bolenge;" if you are short in finances, teach them how to tithe by giving them "Bolenge;" if in your community you have some "antis," convert them to missions by giving them "Bolenge;" if your preacher lacks pulpit power or seems to hesitate for a message, give him "Bolenge;" if the spirit of evangelism lags among your church people, give them "Bolenge;" in truth, in this book you have the facts of history, the thrill of fiction, the inspiration of biography, and the rationale of theology.

"Bolenge" contains the message for the church of the twentieth century. It gives the evidence of Christian experience and the power of the gospel to transform a life from savagery to sainthood. It is the realization of the commission of the Master: "Ye shall be martyrs of mine both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Huntington, Ind.



E. W. COLE,
Huntington, Ind.

"THE UPLIFT OF CHINA."

A. W. KOKENDOFFER.

"The Uplift of China," by Arthur H. Smith, has a charm of its own. If you have not read it, there is a joy awaiting you, and the poet would tell you that a joy is better than a jewel. Dr. Smith speaks out of an experience of twenty-five years. Like his Master, whom he serves faithfully, he speaks with authority. So that pertaining to China and the Chinese it may well be said, "Hear him." He speaks of what he feels as well as knows, and no interest relative to the resources of China and of Christianizing her millions, but receive careful consideration by Mr. Smith.

The book opens with a general view of that great country, awakening in the mind of every reader the vast resources and possibilities that lie hidden there, ready to yield tremendous returns at the touch of the modern world. It speaks of racial inheritance, the defects of her social system, the strength and weakness of her religion, honors her uplifting leaders of recent years, presents forms of missionary work and problems to be solved, and closes with the forces at command and an appeal for more and better equipped workers that Occidental life and Christian civilization may obtain in China.

It is a book with a message. It has brain and heart in it. It has fact and story, and whoever reads will wonder that the twentieth century of the Christian era yet finds such a land in such darkness. If you are to be "the light of the world" you must receive inspiration from the Master, in information from such books. To this end may the divine blessings attend you.

Sedalia, Mo.



A. W. KOKEN-
DOFFER,
Sedalia, Mo.

"REPORT MEN'S NATIONAL MISSIONARY CONGRESS."

J. A. BARNETT.

The printed report of the National Missionary Congress is a handsomely bound, well-printed book of over six hundred pages, containing over

seventy great addresses. Among the many that impressed me greatly I will mention only three as typical: "Money and the Kingdom," by Alfred Marling, a New York banker; "Foreign Missions and Christian Unity," by Robert E. Speer, and the address by Stephen J. Corey, on "The Church's Need of a World Field."

In addition to the addresses the national missionary policy adopted by the congress is published in the volume. The reports of the sectional conference are also quite inter-



J. A. BARNETT,
Galesburg, Ill.

esting. It was my pleasure to attend the conferences of the physicians and surgeons. This conference is the beginning of a world-wide movement for better sanitary conditions which will be taken up through various governments.

This volume is most valuable, first, for information as to the conditions now existing in all heathen lands; secondly, for inspiration, both for the minister and the laymen; thirdly, for the transformation of those who read it from careless indifference into enthusiastic supporters of world-wide evangelism.

Galesburg, Ill.

"THE PREACHER'S MISSIONARY LIBRARY."

WALTER SCOTT PRIEST.

In order that the preacher may be thoroughly informed upon the most entrancing of themes, he must have an adequate missionary library, biographical, historical, inspirational, and not only have the books upon his shelves, but he must make them a large part of his daily reading. Really the greatest names on the honor roll of the past century are those men who have blazed a path through the darkness of heathen blindness and superstition with the light of the glory of the gospel of Christ. The preacher should be familiar with these names and

quote them often in sermon and private conversation. No study is so fascinating as that concerning the lands and the peoples which lie across the seas. The history of these lands and nations, therefore, should be known by every minister. No knowledge is so important, so worth while, as the knowledge of the progress of the kingdom of God in all the earth. The preacher must have this knowledge and impart it if he wishes to accomplish the largest things in his ministry. In his book, "The Pastor and Modern Missions," John R. Mott says: "The thorough education of the members of the Church as to Christ's world-wide program is essential to their highest development. There is no subject more broadening, more deepening, more elevating, and more inspiring than this great theme. The pastor does the members of his church great injustice, therefore, if he fails to bring them into intelligent and sympathetic relationship to the missionary enterprise." But the preacher can not do this unless he himself believes that the missionary enterprise is the biggest job ever committed to men and unless he prepares himself in a big way for his supreme task, and he can prepare himself only by the most laborious study, by wide reading, and by meditation and by much prayer. Such books as Mott's splendid little volume referred to; "The Unfinished Task," by Barton; "Missionary Principles and Practice," by Speer; "Christianity and the Nations," by the same author; "Foreign Missions," by Thompson; "The Miracles of Missions," by Pierson; "The Crisis of Missions," by the same; "The Missionary Enterprise," by Bliss; "God's Missionary Plan for the World," by Bashford;

"The Challenge to Christian Missions," by Welsh, and time would fail me to tell of the rich literature concerning India, China, Japan, Africa, Tibet, and the islands of the seas, the biography of names as honorable as those mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and it goes without saying that our preachers are perfectly familiar with that great missionary text-book, the Acts of the Apostles. Ah, here is a library that every preacher ought to have. No matter what else he may have upon his shelves, an up-to-date missionary library constantly used is indispensable to his success as a gospel preacher. The members of the church will follow, if only the preachers will intelligently and passionately lead them; and with such leadership and such a following the world may be evangelized in this generation.

Wichita, Kan.

TRANSLATIONS BY MISSIONARIES.

E. W. PEASE.

The work of translation done by our missionaries is one of the most fruitful things they do. I have thought it well to give a list of the translations made by our own workers.



E. W. PEASE,
Wrightsville, Ga.

In China Dr. Macklin has translated the following works: "The Church of Christ by a Layman;" "A Short History of the British Constitution;" "The Life of William the Silent;" "The Life of Thomas Jefferson;" "Social Ethics," by Spencer; "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George; "Theories of Human Progression," by Patrick Dove; "History of

Switzerland;" "Stories of Swiss Life in Town and Country." Dr. Macklin has published hundreds of tracts. He is one of the contributors to the *Chinese Review* and a member of the Chinese Literature Society.

In the Philippines our missionaries have translated works into the Tagalog and Ilocano languages. W. H. Hanna has translated the Pentateuch and H. P. Williams part of the Psalms and the Book of Isaiah. Mr. Williams has published an Ilocano-English dictionary, besides many tracts both Biblical and general in their nature.

In Africa the missionaries have translated the four Gospels, the Acts, the Book of Revelation, and several of the Epistles. Text-books have been prepared for the schools. A grammar is in course of preparation. When the missionaries began their work the people had no written language. They had no method of communicating thought except by oral speech. In some cases new words had to be created or old words cleansed and filled with new meaning.

In Japan "The Church of Christ by a Layman" has been translated by H. H. Guy. Other works have been translated and widely circulated.

"The Church of Christ by a Layman" has also been translated into Hindi by G. W. Brown. This book can now be read by eighty-two millions of people in India.

"Our Position," by Isaac Errett, has been translated into Danish.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

DAVID OWEN THOMAS, M. D.

I shall divide my subject into three heads and give one minute to each head.

I. *The Need of Missionary Literature.* In the Christianity of to-day the evangelization of the world is the dominating idea. And rightly, for



DR. DAVID OWEN
THOMAS,
Minneapolis.

without distinction of race or condition our risen Lord ordained the gospel for the moral redemption of the whole world, and the apostles and primitive disciples who went everywhere preaching the word, labored to fulfill the Master's commission in their own generation. The Christian world in the twentieth century is beginning to catch their spirit and recognize that to be Christians at all we should be Christians after the apostolic

pattern. For, as Christ placed intelligent self-denial and loving service at the portals of his kingdom, and said, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many," he taught us to regard the whole world our neighbor; and the kingdom of God has come to us in proportion to the measure that our life is a blessing to others. For this reason the live church at the present time demands more and more missionary information, and preachers find it imperative to devote larger percentage of their preaching to missions. Missionary societies and Mission Study classes call for reliable missionary literature, for missionary activities must be carried on by men trained for the work. As ignorance, like sin, is out of place in the pulpit, so indifference to missionary interests, which include the very program of the church, is likewise inexcusable in the pew.

II. *The Selection of Missionary Literature.* The Laymen's Missionary Movement to evangelize the world in this generation has thrown new spirit into the missionary problem. The recommendations of this movement are so practical and promising as to deserve our sincerest consideration. In

order to make the campaign more effective the following ten volumes have been adopted as the Laymen's Missionary Library:

1. "The Personal Life of David Livingstone," by W. G. Blackie.
2. "The Autobiography of James Chalmers," by Richard Lovett.
3. "China and America To-day," by Arthur H. Smith.
4. "India; Its Life and Thought," by John P. Jones.
5. "Japan," by Otis Cary.
6. "Korea in Transition," by James S. Gale.
7. "Day-break in the Dark Continent," by Wilson S. Naylor.
8. "Islam," by Samuel M. Zwemer.
9. "The Why and How of Foreign Missions," by Arthur Judson Brown.
10. "The Unfinished Task," by James L. Barton.

These are wonderful volumes and constitute a comprehensive religious and sociological history of the world. They have been prepared by missionary experts personally acquainted with the countries described, and have been carefully indexed, so that their missionary treasure is both accessible and reliable.

III. *Their Value and Use.* A minister will find this a useful library for all time, for there is scarcely a missionary question that these volumes will not answer and elucidate. He can review them and find themes for four lectures on each volume that will delight and edify his congregation. The books are well adapted as text-books for Mission Study classes. Endeavor societies will find material here for short sketches of missionary heroes, and thus bring themselves into closer touch with the missionary field. The reading of this library will fire churches to heroic faith, devotion, and liberality; for the great missionaries lived close to Jesus Christ. Their lives were illumined by his grace and tell the story with fascination, how "God so loved the world," etc.

This great library of ten volumes can be had for \$5 through Mr. A. McLean.

Minneapolis.

The church has never appreciated the greatness and glory of its opportunity. To win this world for Christ is the supreme opportunity of moral glory for the church. Our western civilization is pressing everywhere into the East; the people of India and China and Japan are seeing the absurdity of much that they have been taught; the telegraph and the locomotive are telling the Orient of the superiority of our Occidental civilization. The fear now is that by our delay we shall leave in these minds not heathenism but agnosticism, which is far more difficult to conquer. This is the great peril in India, China and Japan to-day. In Africa there is another peril of Mohammedanism, whose representatives are going into the dark continent in the proportion of ten to one of our missionaries; the easy religion of the Mohammedans with its low ideals is especially attractive to the ignorant and degraded African. We recognize here in America what a difference it makes out on our frontier whether the Sunday school or the saloon is first on the ground. Shall these fields of non-Christian countries have first the Mohammedan teacher or the missionary of Christ? The answer which our churches make to this question will affect for weal or woe millions of our fellow-men. DR. SAMUEL B. CAPEN



AMONG OUR MISSIONARIES



Briefs from the Workers.

—F. E. Meigs and family and D. E. Danenberg and family will return to China in October.

—During the progress of the convention held in Nantungchow, China, seven were baptized.

—Frank Garrett reports the baptism of four men and six women in Nanking, China.

—W. R. Hunt writes, "My health is renewed and a new energy of love keeps me going."

—Miss Kate V. Johnson, of Tokyo, Japan, writes, "The work grows in interest every day, and we rejoice."

—W. R. Hunt has visited all the stations in the vicinity of Chuchow, and baptized believers at four places. The number baptized was twenty-one.

—H. C. Saum recently married four Christian couples in Bilaspur. Five out of the eight who were married came from Christian families.

—The Christian students, teachers, and preachers in Harda, India, are all out doing itinerating work. Besides preaching, they sell portions of the Scriptures.

—Mrs. McCallum, of Vigan, Philippine Islands, writes that the people, for the most part, are very kind and lovable. The need there is great, indeed.

—Herbert Smith: "Things are moving very well at Lotumbe. In the next mail I hope to be able to report a class baptized as large, if not larger, than the one in April."

—The plans for the new hospital at Harda, India, are being drawn by a Parsee architect. The architect makes no charges

for his work, as the building is to be used for charitable purposes.

—Dr. W. E. Macklin, of Nanking, China, writes about the great open doors in that city. He needs an associate. He can not do the work that needs to be done and must be done if the mission holds its own in that city.

—Miss Rose Armbruster, of Akita, Japan, writes: "To-day is a happy day in Akita. Four of the women who have been attending meetings in my home were baptized this morning, and others will follow soon."

—The convention of native churches in China decided to found a small orphanage on industrial lines at Pukeo, where a member of the Christian Church has offered a plot of land and some Chinese buildings for the purpose.

—If sufficient funds can be raised in China, the native Christians wish to start a paper that will discuss religious, social, and political questions in the light of New Testament teaching, and, at the same time, circulate church news.

—H. A. Eicher, of Bilaspur, India, writes that a wealthy village owner, who has been won through the medical work, is now offering both land and financial help to open either a dispensary or school in his village.

—Miss Bertha Clawson reports the marriage of Kiyomi Kawamura to Mr. Tanabe, of Chefoo, China. Miss Kawamura is the daughter of "John Baptist" Kawamura, of Fukushima. Mrs. Tanabe was for three years a student in Drake University, and since her return has been a faithful teacher in the Margaret K. Long Girls' School.

Letters from the Field.

AFRICA.

FROM LOTUMBE.

C. P. HEDGES.

If the prospect everywhere is as bright as it is here, I am sure we shall have a happy future. Up to the present time one hundred and ninety-five have been added to

the four churches. I expect three hundred at least before the year closes. Monieka is now the most prosperous church of the four; and in point of interest I think Lotumbe comes next. In a little while this church will count its hundreds. But how much we are handicapped by the lack of workers!

One of our teachers went out to a neighboring village last Sunday to teach the Sunday school lesson. When he returned he told us that the older men came up to him and said: "We have given up lying, stealing, uncleanness, and all our bad deeds; there are two things that keep us from becoming Christians. We have more than one wife each, and we curse." That is very encouraging indeed. The gospel has not been preached in vain; the good seed has found the good soil.

GOOD NEWS FROM BOLENGE.

A. F. HENSEY.

One hundred and twenty-two baptized this morning, July 2d, Messrs. Moon, Wilson, Hedges, and myself all baptizing at once.



On the three last Lord's Days we had the three largest Sunday schools in our history.

I am sending you two copies of the Hymn Book just completed, which has been printed on the new press. Mr. Hedges planned this book, but when he went to Lo-

tumbe to build Mr. Smith's house, it fell to my lot to finish it. I send two different kinds of binding, so that you can see the work done by the young Christian men who work in the printing office.

You will note by the initials signed to the different songs that almost every one of our missionaries has helped in the making of this book. They have all helped also in the arranging of the tunes and the fitting of the songs to the music. So it is really a work in which we all have shared.

We are also finishing a second edition of the primer, enlarged to thirty pages. This has been made necessary by a real revival of learning which has sprung up in the surrounding towns. Never was there such a demand for literature as at present. We have printed four hundred and fifty hymn books and four hundred Primers.

I wish that we could hear that you were sending us some doctors. There never was a time when they were needed more. If we could get a printer it would mean a great deal to the work. About the time you get this, Mr. Hedges will be leaving on his furlough, to be followed very shortly by Mr. Moon. We are to be very short-handed here all too soon.

And our work never was larger. Day after to-morrow we will baptize more than

a hundred, and then leave in a few days for Monieka, to baptize there. We will send out this time more evangelists than have gone for a year. The bad feeling in the church seems to be dying out.

The Baptist Missionary Society has turned back to us the out-station we gave them six years ago in the Mobangi River, with the right to that great river. This work we have accepted again, for we could not see how we could do otherwise. In a week we will have evangelists located there again. We received six Christians by letter with the return of this out-station.

If you think that we have too large a force here in proportion to the other stations, remember that we are trying to cover the Mobangi River, more than a hundred miles away from us, that our evangelists are going into more distant territory every trip, and that we are trying to work Monieka from here—and that there were two hundred and sixty-three baptisms there last year, and now a church of over four hundred members, sending out sixty-five evangelists. All this in addition to our regular work here and the steamer.

Bolenge.

INDIA.

NOTES FROM DAMOH.

W. B. ALEXANDER.

This year we have placed in our village Sunday schools a new series of Sunday school leaflets. Each contains a picture and a two-page description of some act in the life or teaching of Jesus. These are very popular with the children. The work of the Bible Society makes it possible for us to obtain these choice leaflets weekly at a cost of one and one-half cents per pupil for the entire year. Yet many such useful aids procurable at such a nominal cost have to be withheld for lack of funds. Beloved, if you realized what that dollar you did not give to the March offering can do in India, you would give it yet.

"We can do it out of love for Christ," said the hospital assistant, referring to the dressing of the terribly foul-smelling wound of a woman who had come for aid after a great sore on her limb was infested with hundreds of maggots. The poor creature died after a week's loving care, and her body suffered the fate of those dying in India without friends to claim their bodies. Her body was hauled away in the town garbage wagon, to be dumped with the town rubbish.

We have a master teaching in our day school who five years ago was a temple priest, whose work is to cause people to

worship idols of stone and wood. He has come thus far into the light that he has denounced the lucrative craft of his fathers and is trying to help his darkened race by teaching secular subjects in the schools. There are hundreds like him in India separated from the false, but not yet anchored to the true. We employ him in the school for probably the same reason that he is not a Christian; namely, there are not enough Christian workers.

FROM JUBBULPORE.

G. W. BROWN, PH. D.

We are just in the midst of our annual summer school in the Bible College. Unfortunately we lack buildings in Jubbulpore, so we have to have this school at a time when the regular students of the Bible College are on their summer vacations, in order that we may use the dormitories for the housing of the preachers and teachers who come to attend the lectures given. A few of the students spent the



summer in Jubbulpore, but most of them have been away preaching and teaching in different stations during the hot season. Including the few young men who remained in Jubbulpore, there are over forty workers in attendance in the summer school. They are most eager and enthusiastic in their work. To see them assembled together, anxious to learn and keep on improving themselves, is to find one's self becoming more and more encouraged in regard to the prospects of Christian work.

There are four courses of lectures being given by missionaries. D. O. Cunningham, of Harda, is giving a course of lectures on "Christian Evidences." Brother Menzies, of Rath, is lecturing on "Duties of a Pastor;" E. C. Davis, of Jhansi, is giving a series of lessons from the Book of Acts, and the writer is discussing the Arya Samaj, a troublesome religious sect, and ancient Indian literature. In addition to this there is an hour a day given up to discussion carried on by the Indian brethren themselves. They are reviewing several books which have appeared in Hindi during the past year, and discussing practical topics in connection with their work. From the interest and enthusiasm shown there can be no doubt but that the school

will be productive of great benefit to those who are attending.

Yesterday afternoon all those in attendance, missionaries included, went to the bazaar and sang and preached to hundreds of Hindus and Mohammedans. It is by such means as this that we hope to arouse an interest in people's minds and thus turn them to the Lord Jesus Christ. The people listened well, and seemed impressed with the number and appearance of our Christian workers.

FROM DAMOH.

One of the finest weeks I have had in India was spent last month in camp with the orphanage boys. We pitched our tents just outside of a village of about three thousand population. The first day three school boys approached my tent. Slowly gaining their confidence by interesting myself in the school books they were carrying under their arms, I induced them to sing some poetry for me from their reader. (Indian boys do not recite poetry in school, but they sing it.) Upon making friends with them, each boy produced a penny to buy a Christian book. On the following days they returned many times, bringing other boys with them. At each visit some of our boys also promptly and voluntarily came to my tent to sing and explain in their own thoughts the Christian songs.

The second day in camp two men came to my tent, saying, "We have come to talk about religion." For two hours these men inquired surprisingly intelligently about the Christian religion and listened attentively to our teaching about the one true God and Jesus the Savior.

Twice while passing through the town, shop-keepers stopped us, asking to buy Christian books. The head master of the school asked us to sing to the boys, but this we had to decline, because contrary to government rulings. On invitation I took a number of the boys to the home of the mayor of the town to sing for him. At another time, passing by an exceptionally good house, I was called and urged to sing and talk to a group of men. These are but a few instances showing the readiness with which people in a village nine miles from Damoh listen to the glad tidings. What a pity we can not station an evangelist in this place!

Our purchasing agent, a good, Christian man, who spends much time in the market laboring to buy supplies for the orphanage at the lowest possible price, in his last monthly report incidentally remarked, "The men of the town are asking me, 'Who is

that poor, bewitched, skin-and-bone child whom the Miss Sahib is hauling around everywhere in her buggy?" On being told that it was a poor, crippled out-caste boy whom the Miss Sahib has taken to raise, the men in admiration and astonishment said, "There are no persons that love like the Christians do."

On a recent visit to a near-by village Dr. Jennie Fleming gave to a widow of a high-born family a little book narrating by pictures and descriptive stories the life of Christ. On again visiting this village, a short time afterwards, she stopped to teach this woman more about the Christ, and much to her surprise the woman spoke up, saying, "I have read that little book every day," and forthwith the woman gave a very intelligent account of the death and resurrection of Christ.

News comes from Hatta, the station adjoining Damoh, that a man and his wife are asking for Christian baptism.

Last Lord's day at the preaching service in the market place a lad of about twelve years sidled up to me and promptly said, "I have that book which I bought from you in my house, and I am reading it." Do not be discouraged with the slow progress in India. Better things are coming. The sons of hundreds of illiterate fathers are learning to read in the government schools, and the best patrons that our evangelists find to buy Gospels and Christian tracts are the school boys. God alone knows what great things this means.

CHINA.

TWO CONVERSIONS IN NANKING.

MISS EMMA A. LYON.

I am so thankful that two women have become Christians. They are very much in earnest. Both had been coming to our meetings for a long time. Their families had persecuted them. One is the wife of the man who went to Tibet with Dr. Rijnhart. Her mother-in-law opposed her for a long time. At last the woman said she believed the Lord wanted her to follow him, and she did not care what others did to her. She was so happy when baptized. The other woman has learned to read. She said that since she has prayed about reading, she can remember the characters.



FROM LUCHOWFU.

MISS ALMA FAVORS.

I wish to thank the Society for granting my request for a home. It was greatly needed and will mean much to our woman's work in this city.



I have a class of twelve women waiting for Bible training just as soon as I can get a place ready for them in which to study. I do not know whether you have received any report of our baptismal service on Christmas Day. There were twenty-one baptized—

eleven men and ten women. May 20th there was another service, at which six women were baptized. We are greatly encouraged about the work. We are getting women from the best class—the teacher class—in the church. One of special note came in in May, a Mrs. Hsii—for whom Mrs. Titus and I have worked for years. In talking with her she has always put us off by saying that she had a hindrance that we could not understand, refusing at the same time to tell us what it was. Last summer she lost by death a grandson in whom her heart and soul was wrapped up. Before going away for the summer vacation, during my last conversation with her, she said: "My grandson graduates this spring and is coming home. When he comes, I will have him to protect me; then I will enter the church." I tried to show her the danger of such a position, but she would not see it. Her grandson died during the summer. When I saw her again, heartbroken and wretched, her first words were, "God punished me; God punished me; if I had only listened to Mrs. Titus eight years ago I would have peace and would not be suffering this now." We thought her heart prepared to yield at once; but no, "I will come after the new year," and nothing we could do or say moved her from her position. In the meantime she never came near the church—but for years she had been avoiding the church because she said she had no peace for days after she came.

After the Chinese New Year she did not come. We went to see her, and she brought forward her old hindrance again, and I was about ready to give up. But no; we planned one more effort. Mrs. Titus was coming for a few days' visit in April; so we planned to give her a half day with Mrs. Hsii, inviting Mrs. Hsii to our home.

During that morning she told us her difficulty. It was this: One of her relatives had been teacher to Guan-Su, the late emperor. Mrs. Hsii became a widow with an infant son, at the age of twenty-two. Through this teacher the emperor issued an edict, ordering that if Mrs. Hsii lived a virtuous life, keeping her widowhood, upon her death a widow's arch should be erected to her name. She feared that if she became a Christian this edict would be reversed, which would mean the publishing of her name throughout the provinces as one unworthy and as one who had failed to keep the conditions of the edict. She was not willing to let go of this worldly glory and honor and, if need be, suffer reproach for the name of Christ. She yielded, but not until after another three weeks' struggle. Then she made the public confession. After her baptism, when in the dressing-room with her, she said, "Just think, I waited eight years to take this step." We asked: "Have you peace? Are you happy?" Her face was beaming with joy. Her eyes filled; she nodded her head, her heart too full for further utterance. Victory in His name! We have had several such, each one a victory. The Father has been and is very good to us here, and I am so thankful for a share in His work, so thankful that I am here. I thank you all again for the home. I call it my "iron-gate;" for when I needed it most it opened to me of its own accord. Will send you pictures of it as soon as I get full possession.

Lu Cheo fu.

TIBET.

THE LATEST WORD FROM BATANG.

DR. WM. MOORE HARDY.

Most of my time is occupied with language study. I can not do much medical work, as I do not know enough of the language to do it properly, but it takes little talking to pull a tooth or do some other of the more simple things; so I have four or five cases a day. On some of these Mr. Ogden helps me, but I try to trouble him as little as possible.

Last Wednesday a house fell down and killed one of those living in it. The local official requested me to do what I could for the injured woman. I got there about an hour after the accident. While life was not entirely gone, the woman soon died. Yesterday another wall of the same kind fell on a man and injured him badly, but not fatally. This is the rainy season, and such accidents are more frequent now, but

they are common at all times. We hope that we will soon be able to have houses of our own. Then we will be in less danger than we are at the present time. We have the best houses we can rent, but they are none too safe. An earthquake destroyed Batang forty or fifty years ago, and the place is so built that another would have very easy work in destroying the town.

FROM BATANG.

J. C. OGDEN.

Crowded house to-day at regular service. The singing sounded like the singing of



foreigners. Since the land question has been settled, all the officials are friendly. Some who were real enemies before have invited me to their homes. Yesterday I distributed some Christian literature among them, and each one sent back a card of thanks. To-day I distributed a

new tract on "Health and Heaven." This was written by Dr. Shelton. May we not hope that these tracts may lead some to the light?

PHILIPPINES.

MORE BAPTISMS.

LESLIE WOLFE.

We had twenty baptisms in the Tagalog Provinces during the month of June. I have received two urgent calls for help recently. One call came only this week for an evangelist from an important town near Manila. I fear I can not answer this call. There are many places needing the gospel.

Book Notice.

A MESSAGE FROM BATANG. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 75 cents.

This is the diary of Dr. Z. S. Loftis, missionary to Tibetans. This diary was written with no thought of publication. Dr. Loftis passed through a section of the world that never had been visited and described before. It was a new world to him, and he noted down the things that impressed him most. Mrs. A. L. Shelton edited the diary and prepared it for the printer. Those who wish to know about Batang and about Dr. Loftis and his untimely death will want to read this handsome volume.